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PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE

ART

OF

DOMESTICK HAPPINESS,

AND

OTHER POEMS:

BY

THE RECLUSE,

Author of The Independency of the Mind, affirmed.

Dans cet asyle solitaire
Suis-moi, viens charmer ma langueur,
Muse, unique depositaire
Des ennuis secrets de mon cœur.—
—Plus sensible que Philomele,
Je viens soupirer avec elle
Dans le silence des forets.

GRESSET.

PITTSBURGH:

PUBLISHED BY ROBERT PATTERSON.

1817.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

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NEW YORK

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BUTLER and LAMBDIN.

TO

THE REVEREND

JAMES MILNOR, LATE OF PHILADELPHIA,

THIS VOLUME,

AS A MEMENTO OF OUR TRANSITORY CO-EXISTENCE

Is affectionately inscribed,

BY THE RECLUSE.

Pray'thee accept this token. It is penned
With my accustomed candour, if not ease,
In which the artless language of thy friend,
More than the poet's power presumes to please.
To hearts like ours, no pedantry of phrase,
Could, 'tis conjectured, the same charm impart,
As loose-clad sentiment, when it conveys
The bolt that strikes directly to the heart!

Nor is there room for affectation, when
The pulse of bosom-felt affection throbs
To inscribe, as now, an offering with the pen
Which, nor with fiction decks, nor flattery daubs:

Yet shall the page, on which I write thy name,
Record our friendship. This, to me, is fame.

ADVERTISEMENT.

FROM the various legitimate motives which have, by others, been offered to the literary world for stepping into its notice, the Recluse is unable to select a satisfactory one for his own intrusion. Nor perhaps is it necessary to allege any. What he has written, he has written;—and, in presenting these effusions to the publick, he avails himself of none of those self-derived privileges of authorship by which frequently the reader's mind is prematurely biassed.

If, indeed, all works of a literary nature, were to be classed by the moral complexion of the sentiments contained in them, the Recluse would presume upon a higher standing than his poetical claims alone might warrant. His humble hopes, however, shall not be frustrated, if his qualifications, as a poet, do not exclude this volume from the libraries of people of common taste: For though he professes not to be quite dead to the stimulating voice of literary ambition, poetick merit (unless his heart deceives him) is but a secondary object of his concern.—His mind has, for some years, been persuaded, that a general reformation of sentiment throughout Christendom is going on. And it is a favourite notion with

him, that all important works, whether of Nature or of Grace, are carried *slowly* on, and by means frequently too diminutive for the notice of hasty or careless observers. There being no station, according to his judgment, too obscure or too contemptible for an under agency, he knows not why the feeble efforts of even the Recluse of Locust Ridge, may not find a place in the common bundle of those causes which are to effect the universal amelioration of the human character——With this remark before him, every reader will perceive, that although the smaller pieces in this collection may still go under the trite classification of *trifles*, yet can scarcely one be picked out in which a moral design is not obvious, and whose co-operative significancy ought to be overlooked.

Emboldened by this consciousness of their intrinsick *merit*, the Recluse is willing to sink the honours of the poet in the sentiments of the man; and is prepared to hear, within the quiet recesses of his retirement, the publick opinion of his labours without the least disposition to question the correctness of a taste which may cavil at his works, or throw obloquy upon his name.

THE

ART

OF

DOMESTICK HAPPINESS;

A DIDACTIC POEM.

Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace, and plenty, where
Supporting and supported, polished friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.

THOMSON.

THE

ART

OF

DOMESTICK HAPPINESS.



WHEN Youth and Beauty, Health, and Virtue blend
Into one mass, to serve one common end,
And their united energies employ
To build the temple of *Domestick Joy*,
Say, shall the muse's lyre remain unstrung,
And leave the *Art of Happiness* unsung?
Connubial Bliss, the brightest gem that can
Give lustre to the diadem of man,
Like rubies, blushing in Golconda's mine,
Demands the artist's dextrous skill to shine.
Such skill be his who, thus in votive verse,
Attempts those arts of pleasing to rehearse
Which give a polish, in domestick life,
To the twin-crown of husband and of wife.

Turn now the eye of observation round,
Nor let it fix its gaze, till, haply found,
Felicity, which scepticks can't deny,
Shall flash conviction on the inquiring eye.
Where stops the glance? Alas! it wanders still,
And, if it first must find its object, will;
Until it travels to that *temperate zone*
Where wild Disorder's weeds have never grown;
Or been, if once they have defaced the soil,
Eradicated by reforming toil.
Thither ask ye the way? the way is sure,
Yet solely so to those whose aims are pure;
Whose flame of love burns bright, but not to waste,
Warm always with affection, always chaste;
Not sometimes hot, and then extinct by turns,
As in the gust the sudden lightning burns.

Come! while the muse's finger points the way,
Which tho' so few have trodden many may,
For many stand as candidates for bliss,
Who miss their road, for want of knowledge miss.
Come then, ye youths who wear a brow serene,
Whose minds are docile, and whose hearts are clean,
For you the muse, in whose mind's eye appears
The spot ye seek, and some, have sought, with tears,
For you the muse shall swell the opening song
And lead, thro' life's fair scenes, your steps along.

One of the plainest proofs that man's a fool,
And walks by none, or a distorted rule,

Is, that with speed abrupt, in fits and jerks,
He forms designs and carries on his works,
As if, impatient of progressive growth,
Slowness he thought synonimous with sloth.

In outward nature Providence displays
A different law which every thing obeys.
To make an oak, for instance, two feet through,
Not less than half a century will do;
And, for the main-mast of a seventy four,
Double that period were required, or more,
(Could we suppose that Providence intends
One of his forest trees to serve such ends,
Which, by the by, no christian creature ought
To tolerate one moment in his thought;)
So, too, to dig a basin, wide and deep,
Where Erie's slumbering sea may snugly sleep,
And pave the floor with tesselated stones,
From age to age the business he postpones.
Or, to display it in a striking case,
Behold the leader of the Jewish race,
Tho' first made choice of in his cradle reeds,
Wasting two thirds of life ere he proceeds;
Not less than four score years, to form his heart,
Ere he, from Egypt, is allowed to start.
The sum is this,—that he must be unwise,
Who does not by a due gradation rise.
The seed of *character* must first be thrown
Loose to the *winds*; and, like the acorn sown,
Ere it can thrive, be trampled on, and gain

Its bulk and strength thro' years of wind and rain;
For Truth pronounces, what the muse but sings,
That, who o'erlooks the day of trivial things,
Shall lose, at last, the object of his aim,
And bring upon his cheek, the blush of shame.

Thus much premised, the following hints may seem
To be conformable to Nature's scheme.
In social intercourse, the most minute
Attention is required, to bring forth fruit,
High flavoured, rich, agreeable to sight,
Smooth to the touch, and sweet to the appetite.
Hence, small neglects become no less offence
To common decency than common sense.
Were man to live a hermit, rough and wild,
Or had not woman, for his comfort, smil'd,
Either might live on acorns, in a hut,
And guiltless be a sloven or a slut.
No eyes to gratify, but hers or his,
Each might, in welcome, wear a dirty phiz,
And, with the locks uncombed, and out of shape,
Allow precedence to the bear or ape.
Habits are formed, in early life, with ease,
And if he had no other taste to please,
Le pauvre solitaire, by nature prone
To dirt and filth, might learn to like his own;
And, with the liking fastened, it were rude
To rob him of his *sweets of solitude*.
But in the happier walks of social life,
Where families of children, husband, wife,
Invite each other's smile and fond embrace,

The circumstances alter much the case.
Hence (after piety) the first great law,
That asks of man a reverential awe,
Is cleanliness; and they who think they find
Godliness separate from it must be blind:
And for this obvious reason—to be clean
Distinguishes celestial from terrene.
O, blind to Virtue as to Happiness,
Who place on cleanliness so little stress,
That, merely decency and fair outside
Are only known by name—the name of pride!

Filthilla was an heiress, and, perforce
Of wealth, when young, became a wife of course,
But such a wife, dear me! I would not hold,
E'en though I might, for twice her weight in gold.
Easy and negligent, poor man! her spouse
Finds no domestick comfort in his house.
Up stairs and down, a stench and noisome gloom
Pervade the premises from room to room;
For his Filthilla's character is seen
Legibly spelt in full—unrivalled queen!
Thither no snug fire side, with smiles, invites
The feet of witnesses to his delights;
No tidy children there, with winning grace,
To snatch the kiss and meet the warm embrace;
But cheerless all! the heart-appalling damps
Hang round, like fogs from pestilential swamps!

Our Jill shall have her Jack. Slovœno's wife
Wants but one thing to make her blest for life:

Slovœno is a sloven who destroys,
By his coarse acts, all her domestick joys.
He hates a fop, and, in his rage, suspects
No blame attaches to extreme neglects;
Wherefore the mark he aims at he o'ershoots
And swops the coxcomb's costume for the brute's.
Hence one may see him, once a week, at least,
With unchanged clothes as dirty as a beast,
Looking, with beard of four or five day's growth,
Just like the form, personified, of Sloth.
An utter enemy to all that's nice
His matted locks exhibit nests for lice;
Whilst both the corners of his mouth and beard
Are with the slaver of his quid besmear'd,
Which, ever and anon, between his teeth,
He pours out on the carpet underneath;
Till quite a puddle of tobacco juice,
Where'er he sits is ready to break loose
And roll its poisonous flood along the floor,
Like the black billows round the Stygian shore.
Oft, interchanging, with his jaws a-jar,
His quid a respite gets from the cigar;
As if he thought himself, like Moses, bound
To multiply his plagues to reach all round.
Not now restricted to the mere shoe top,
The danger spreads and spreads without a stop.
The room, besieged, is taken and is fill'd
With fiery filth—filth from foul lungs distill'd.
Thus is the fable, which the poets spoke,
Of lake Avernus, belching constant smoke,

Fiction no more ! and we, where'er we are,
Must bear the fumes of the abhorred cigar.
So our Slovœno thinks ; and dooms his wife
To be smoked o'er and puffed at, during life.
Toiling for his conversion many years,
She finds her spirits sunk and stopped her tears.
Sadness and spleen, alternately, betray
How all her promised bliss is blown away,
Bliss which, if nurtured with due care by both
Had been a flow'r of an exuberant growth ;
But trampled on, and losing its perfume,
Its faded colours long have ceased to bloom—
Its promised fruitage, injured at the core,
Like youth's departed charms to please no more !

Are there, amongst the Vandals of these times,
Who plead in favour of Filthilla's crimes ?
Are there who can behold Slovœno's ways,
And reckon them no subject for dispraise ?
Let such their awful destiny fulfil
By being, as they have been, filthy still.

But ye, whose hearts with higher raptures glow,
Ye ! who the charms of delicacy know
To be to moral sentiments a-kin—
Exterior signs of purity within—
From these coarse scenes, with indignation turn,
Where Pleasure's flames with holier brightness burn.

As they best read who best have learned to spell,
All, *who desire in social life* to excel,

Must watch with care to those minuter things
Whence every stream, as from its fountain springs.
Order is Heav'n's first law; and they must lose
The privileges it confers, who choose
To let the weeds of rank confusion grow
Across the stream to intercept its flow.

Women, 'tis obvious, in their social round,
Compared with men, go over much less ground;
Yet the perfection, though of smaller size,
Of every circle, in *correctness* lies.
We see ('tis true) a female, now and then,
Soaring beyond the common walks of men,
And leaving this "dim speck which we call earth,"
Below their notice as of little worth;
Who spurn at regularity, and find
Nothing, in "order," but a grovelling mind.
But, by the leave of these high dames, we know,
That prudent understandings think not so;—
For every woman, that has eyes to see,
Beholds the marks of regularity
Stampt on the whole creation, every where,
And loves to copy what appears so fair.

If we, for mere chit-chat acquaintance, seek
Those who, with us, one common language speak,
From choice, indeed, preferring those, whose pow'rs
Tastes, and pursuits are similar to ours,
Ah! how unentertaining are the jokes
And conversation of all vulgar folks!
How dull the hours which civil forms condemn
Those of a different turn to pass with them!

l shall we not, in a much dearer friend,
quire the graces and true taste to blend?
, shall we not rejoice to find in her,
om, as companion, we to all prefer,
ample magazine of laid up thought,
h prudence to unfold it as she ought?
all this hope were but an idle dream;
ess she drank with us at the same stream,
l, pleased, could follow, tho' with lingering speed,
ither our intellectual pleasures lead.
me not Learning now; but, if I might,
uld urge one thought to set this matter right.
man of taste, whose wife is ignorant,
talk *her* language but his own he can't;
, in her presence, think his thoughts. The case
es him his thoughts suppress, his style debase;
last from hopelessness, the first from fear,
hapless he offend her mind or ear.
s he, to make his conversation suit
palate, oft, his meaning must dilute,
ch, for the woman whom he loves, he will—
ily sacrifice for *him* to kill,
se bliss bleeds with the offering, and must bleed;
slight must ever be his hopes, indeed,
in her mind by reasoning, whom, in vain
onverse he attempts to entertain.
ngth exhausted, after many ways
tried, the standard of her taste to raise,
ives the struggle over, and prefers
evel, *as he may, his* own to hers.

When all things with the man of sense goes right
He seeks for entertainment and delight;
And when vexations thwart, he needs some hand,
Some voice to sooth him, with affections bland;
Midst difficulties, counsel; and in grief,
He asks from friendship, comfort and relief.
Where shall he turn, if peevishly awry,
His sour companion turns away her eye;
Or, filled with gloom, and discontented grown,
Redoubles his vexations with her own?—

The time expended by the *reading fair*,
With hers, who idles it away, compare;
Or hers who loves the vanity of dress;
Or hers who gads and gossips to excess;
And she who reads will evidently find
At once more leisure and a *better* mind,
And, why suppress it, sounder judgment too,
To do the duties which she has to do.

She who, reposing underneath the shade
Of laurels, by her boasted virtues made,
Grows crabbed, domineers, or sulks, or frets,
The matrimonial cargo oversets,
Frustrates the end contemplated, at once,
And with loud voice proclaims herself a dunce.
More *criminal* indeed, we must allow
That wife to be who breaks her nuptial vow;
But then the magnitude of plain crim: con:
Emancipates him from the union;—

Whilst she, behold! who from dishonours's stain,
Preserves her spouse, yet multiplies his pain,
By all the complex mechanism of strife,
And fastens on him wretchedness for life,
Pinions him down and chains him to a stake,
Which law cannot remove, nor judgment shake.

That wife who is but mistress of a style
Of conversation frivolous, or vile,
Is but a poor companion (we conceive)
O'er a dull fire, in a long winter's eve;
Unless, according to the case, the elf,
Her husband be as foolish as herself.

Habits of self-denial, early learned,
Display those traits of character, discerned
In firmness, strength, and texture of a mind
Above temptations, and to pleasures blind.
But ere those habits ripen into fruit
All the employments we would substitute,
In lieu of those we banish, we contend,
Should rectify the taste, exalt it, mend,
Strengthen the intellect, its nature raise,
Widen enjoyment's circle many ways,
Give to the mind a tone, and elevate
The sentiments of heart, at such a rate
As to make insignificant the tribe
Of pleasures, which our rules to please prescribe.

That much familiarity will breed
Mutual *contempt*, the world has long agreed;

Whence, oft, in married life, the same effect
Treads on the heel of multiform neglect.
Blame then is theirs who, sunk in dulness down,
Suffer their joys in stagnant pools to drown—
Mere listlessness and insipidity—
That swallow all like an o'erwhelming sea.
And this must be their fate, who do not strive
To keep the vestal flame of Love alive,
In other words their passions bridle in
Under the curb of christian discipline,
And, with continual care, by dint of spur,
The mental powers to fresh improvement stir.

The heart's affection, of itself, decays,
Even where no flagrant vices check the blaze;
Unless reciprocal attempts to amuse,
Fresh oil into the lamp of love infuse;—
For these, not less than labours to improve,
Are necessary to a life of love.
This is a most essential point. For this
Forms the great base of matrimonial bliss;
And, if the truth were told, we oft discern
For want of this, that undomestick turn
Which, now, amongst so many folks prevails,
Who know not why each scheme of joyance fails.
The man or wife who meets, whene'er abroad,
With strained attention eager to applaud,
Amusements to delight, and many an art,
Which courtesy contrives to engage the heart,
Will look for the same things at home, and must,
Or find them there, or view it with disgust.

Whereas a right capacity to please,
With skill to make home wear a look of ease,
And, more than either, dispositions rife
To be well pleas'd with home, would, throughout life,
Make almost every visit which is paid,
Seem dull as daisies dwindling in the shade.

Hence, books well chosen, fine employment give
And dress in charms the life they teach to live;
For knowledge, which in private we acquire,
And after which judicious minds aspire,
Forms, for its exhibition, no design,
Nor courts spectators to behold it shine.
The well-read fair one, in her home retreat
Improves her mind and makes her converse sweet,
Embellishes the empire of her house,
Instructs her children, entertains her spouse,
And finds the art of gratifying them
Cheap, though more precious than the costliest gem.

There, Poesy (whose fingers, with nice art
Play musick on the feelings of the heart)
Lures and enchants the passions whilst she lures,
Their bias gives and what she gives secures;
For virtue still must be that poet's aim
Who once has felt the muse's sacred flame,
And duty prompts and inclination woos
The passions to enlist beneath the muse.
Hence shall this gentle power attempt to raise
The general taste and purify its blaze,
Impart chaste manners to the social clan,

And multiply the real joys of man;—
Joys which from intellectual fountains flow,
Tinctured with nought that's sensual, gross, or low;
And which, conferred on creatures who have lain
Long in the slough of moral filth and pain,
Shall call forth thankfulness, from every breast,
In which the seeds of reformation rest.

Filled with this hope the forest-bound Recluse
Ventures to make these moral hints of use
Which, with a philanthropic cast of thought,
He speaks with freedom, as, he trusts he ought.

Ah! if, within his rural walks, there stray
Those who delight to listen to the lay,
Well pleased to please, and capable to know
Whence the pure principles of pleasing flow,
O let the doctrine which the muse imparts,
Sink in your breasts and overflow your hearts;
Till, theoretically skilled, ye strive
To keep the sparks of social joy alive,
With full success, each ministering to each,
Since practising these lessons is to teach.

Then shall the bard of Seminary Range,
And not till then, his ramble's wish to change;
For then, and not till then, can he e'er hope
To give, without offence, his feelings scope,
Or in return, without encountering pain—
On either hand superfluous and vain.
Till then he bids adieu, without regret,

To all those sweets for which so many sweat,—
The common cares, the common plagues of life,
And more than all the rest, a common wife.
Till then he hails and welcomes each pure breeze,
His sylvan haunts, his solitude of trees,
Where nought disturbs him—save a casual sigh,
Caused by life's follies which he must decry.
There, in his quiet cell, he, not supine,
Stretches the gaze along the misty line
Of future years, and views, or thinks he views,
A prospect bright as morning's glittering dews.

That social life he loves to paint so fair,
Sketched at full size displays its outlines there;
And Bliss Connubial on the canvass glows
With every tint which Fancy could suppose.
The snug fire-side amidst the group is seen,
With smiles encircled, and the hearth scrubbed clean.
On one side sits the Mother, in whose lap,
Is seen the growing semblance of a cap, [ceeds,
And, whilst one daughter's queen stitch work pro-
One blooming cherub at her elbow reads;
Whilst, at her feet, upon his little stool,
A younger learns the alphabet by rule.
The parlour door now opens, and we see
The coming Father of the family,
Whom every eye salutes, and drawing near,
On his own cheek is seen the glistening tear,
The tear of silent rapture, unsuppressed,

Expressive of the feelings of his breast—
Whilst, o'er the scene, parental glances roll,
In tides of sensibility of soul.
As thus his heart, with fond affection, burns
The anxious father to each pupil turns,
And, with an eye of calm inquiry, asks
If they, respectively, have learnt their tasks?
"Yes, father, yes!" they all at once reply,
And lure the praiseful plaudit from his eye; [gr
Whilst round his knees they cling, with gathe
Catch the fond kiss, and share the warm embrace.

Clean as a bride, the partner of his joys,
Now spreads the board for him, the girls and boys
Fare of the simplest sort, where not a dish
Is stained with blood of either flesh or fish;
But fruits and vegetables, ranged in ranks,
Call forth from every one the smiles of thanks.
There, order reigns, and cheerful temperance wai
To guard voluptuous poisons from their plates,
And piety at heart, that grace repeats
No sated glutton yields o'er gory meats.
Hence, with glad hearts, they leave their savoury
And, as they rise, fresh health and spirits feel,
With brisk alacrity and chaste delight,
Prepared to pass, in pleasant dreams, the night.
Yet, ere they part to take their due repose,
Once more the band the joyful hearth enclose,
Where, loyal to their duties, the chaste pair

Nurse up the seed which they have planted there.
Assiduous now their blessings they improve,
And strive to grow in wisdom and in love;
When from the shelf, the holy volume, spread,
Fixes attention till the hour for bed;
Or, from their hearts, in utterance, brisk and kind,
Mutual instruction spreads from mind to mind;
Till, to a blaze, Devotion's sparks arise
And bear to Heaven an evening sacrifice,
Acceptable and pleasing in the sight
Of Him who hears the prayer of the contrite.

Here ends the circle of their joys, complete,
As free from interrupting cares as sweet:
Blessing and blest, they mutually contrive
To keep the vestal flame of Love alive—
Experiencing, what I essayed to prove,
The art of pleasing is the art of Love.

Say, is the picture of our man and wife
From fiction sketched, or is it drawn from life?
The poet's "fire-side" cannot fail to strike
Those who examine it—*if it be like.*
Like? yes—'tis like what is but rarely found
In a day's journey through this country round;
For, look which side we may, we scarcely see
One chimney corner from stale foulness free.

Greasy as butchers, or their smoke-stained wives,
Both males and females broil away their lives;
Up to the chin in muck, though stewed and stewed

Their dish of matrimony still is crude.
In rags and filth their coarse-grained children run
Steaming out stench like pig-troughs in the sun,—
Whilst uninstructed, scarce a letter known,
Each lazy booby swells into a drone,
Whose home-spun thoughts, and manners unrefined
Display at once the texture of the mind,
When round their smoke, in soot and ashes placed
Their mother-wit, like tapers, flares to waste.
In lieu of themes that thinking would require,
Whilst crunching chesnuts round their evening fire
The group convened, of slovens and of sluts,
Roast every neighbour's character—like nuts;
For Slander's legions rallying from the heart,
Uproused, are prompted to perform their part:
Thus History tells us cannibals contrive
To roast and eat their fellows—all a-live!

To you, whose nuptials have provoked the strain,
I turn to ask if now I write in vain?
'Tis not the poet but the friend conjures
That you will prize and make completely yours,
Those means of happiness, which you must lose,
If you reject the counsel of the muse.
Be wise. Reflect. Consider well the part
You have to act, and get each rule by heart.
Let not the old seducer turn away
The attention of your minds; nor rashly say
To-morrow or another time will do
To bring these matters under close review.

'Tis now or never that you must inspect
Your chart of life, or be forever wrecked!
Domestick Happiness is like an herb,
Fragrant and fair if ne'er a foot disturb;
But if molested in its still retreat
Its bloom is gone, and wasted every sweet.
The first small miss will weaken your first power,
And tend to make you weaker every hour;
Till Habit shall enthral you with her gears
And goad you on through all your future years.

NOTES &c.

NOTES.

And pave the floor. See Page 11, *17th Line.*

The regularity of the paved bottom of Lake Eri
an astonishing instance of artificial design in the wc
of nature. Had I not satisfied my curiosity by actual
amination, I should have some difficulty in believin
a fact, that for many miles, with scarcely a break, th
is a regular *pavement* of smooth stones, (from 3 or 4
12 or 15 feet square) along the shore of Lake Erie
which the surf plays without any sensible wear
The work is jointed in a mason-like manner, and
close, even, and regular, that one can scarcely fort
supposing it to be a monument of human labour
ingenuity.

Cleanliness. See Page 13, *5th Line.*

Cleanliness, is to the body what decency is to
manners; it serves to prove the respect which a
has for society and for himself, for man ought to
pect himself.—*Bacon.*

It is on all hands agreed, that the person who is
ornamented with the quality of cleanliness cannot
pear in company without shocking all present.

It is acknowledged, (says some author, whose n
escapes my recollection) that beauty ordinarily in
duces the passion of love into the heart; but cle
ness fastens it there.

" Sentir bon and sentir mauvais, sont deux ex
mites opposées, le milieu c'est la *propriete*, qui
tiste, a ne rien sentir. *Deserres de la Tou*

The more a nation is civilised, the more regar
paid to this part of civility.

The personal cleanliness of the inhabitants of
beite is an object that merits peculiar attention. E

sexes *never omit* to wash with water *three* times; when they rise, at noon, and before they go to rest. They also keep their clothes extremely clean, so that in the largest communities no disagreeable effluvia ever arises, nor is there any other inconvenience than heat. *Cook's Voyages.*

Cleanliness is a mark of civility. It may be said also to be the nurse of Love. A young woman of very inferior beauty, but who is constantly clean and tidy, has often been known to outrival a handsome slut. Even old age has something agreeable about it, when it is accompanied with a neat and cleanly look: in the same manner as a piece of polished and shining metal, affords us more pleasure to look at, than a new vessel soiled and eaten with rust. If cleanliness renders us agreeable to others, it gives ourselves an air and feeling of ease. It is an excellent preservation of Health; and many vices which are apt to ruin the mind and body, cannot subsist with this gentle habit, which has a strong analogy with *mental purity*, and which excites in us, by a *natural effect*, fine sentiments, and noble passions. Experience teaches us that the power of custom by familiarising us with the most atrocious crimes diminishes the horror of them; and on the contrary, that those who have constantly good examples before their eyes, shun every thing which at first shocks them. It is the same with our ideas. Our senses, which are the channels through which all images are brought to the mind, can only transmit thither the impressions of surrounding objects: if these happen to be of a modest, cleanly, and beautiful kind, they suggest corresponding thoughts of chastity, purity and elegance. *Spectator.*

Clean as a Bride. Page 24, 13*th Line.*

A young woman who loves the elegance of a simple dress, will never present herself to the eyes of her husband in the disorder of those negligent women whose virtue resembles their untidiness.

Quid. See Page 14, 14*th Line*.

Sir Walter Raleigh who introduced the use
bacco into England in the reign of James I. wa
demned to death by parliament. A stranger
circumstance would hardly guess one of the pri
accusations which contributed to the downfall
unhappy Englishman: it was that he had intro
tobacco into the realm.

The woman whom he loves, he will. See Page
21*st Line.*

A sensible female friend of mine, in whose h
this poem was first read, asked me, if I though
such a husband, in such circumstances *could* love
a wife? *She* thought he could not. Against th
ticism I leave the sensible authoress of Cœli
justify herself; for this sentiment, as well as
others, comprised in this poem, is derived
that source. And I take pleasure in making th
knowledgement,—if for no other purpose than
commend the perusal of a work so interesting a
structive, notwithstanding the hypercritical ce
pronounced upon it by the Edinburgh Reviewer
this occasion it is difficult to suppress the idea,
whenever a nation becomes burthened with Rev
ers of a depraved taste, the purposes of their
tence are quite frustrated;—for authors that
with their applause will be readily encouraged s
write; and those who encounter the critic's cer
will have no reason to be deterred, seeing there
be room to construe his disapprobation into ar
dence of real merit.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

ALEXIS AND CURTIS.

AN EXCURSUS.

CURTIS & ALEXIS.

ALEXIS.

And can it be that we, so soon, my friend,
Should have another Duel and contend,
In syllogystic controversy brave,
Thrusting and parrying with what skill we have!—

Take then thy ground, and, with heroic mien,
Let thy Goliah might, at once, be seen;
Whilst I, lest boastful, with a stripling's air,
To every thrust of thine my breast will bare,
Withstand thy rudest shock; or frankly yield,
And fairly hail thee master of the field.

CURTIS.

And I, as cheerfully, my friend, engage
An honourable war with thee to wage,
Determined to resist thee all I can,
And meet thee as a soldier and a man;
And with not less ingenuousness than thou
(Should victory plant the laurel on thy brow)
My heart shall own it, and my tongue shall be
The first to sing the applausive song to thee.

ALEXIS.

If, Curtis, there be not a flower that grows
But its own soil and native climate shows,
With such exactness, that a Barton's* eye
Might well, its register if lost, supply,
Who shall condemn the sentiment I feel
Disposed to indulge and prompted to reveal,
Although Fastidiousness with squeamish face
May say it flows from me with awkward grac
Reproach like this I risque,—and now confess
How fond I am of this ingenuousness;
And without scruple add, that *it* alone,
Proves the soil good in which it has been sow

CURTIS.

Alexis, let us wave whatever may
Appear self-complaisant, or looks that way..
Come to the simple question. It, I trust,
Requires but little time to be discussed.
At least, for me, 'tis needless to beat round
A thousand bushes, and to tread much ground
Of speculative science; for the mind
A judgment pro or con, can quickly find.

ALEXIS.

State then the case.

CURTIS.

As briefly as I can;
With Crichton's‡ name our argument began.

* Benjamin Smith Barton M. D. of Philad Professor of Botany.

‡ *See* an account of the "Admirable Crich *the Encyclopœdia.*

The story of his rare endowments seems
So swollen with extravagant extremes
Of grace of body, and of strength of mind,
So far surpassing all of human kind,
That when I heard it, without scruple, I
Said 'twas a fabrication—all a lie.

ALEXIS.

To which I then retorted, and now do,
Thou canst not say the story is untrue.

CURTIS.

What! not affirm, with vehemence and zeal,
The sentiment which I so strongly feel,—
That Art, that Nature, singly or combined,
In such a frame lodged never such a mind?

ALEXIS.

Whence is thy knowledge, Curtis, pray, derived,
Of ALL that Art and Nature have contrived?—

CURTIS.

To contradict such idle tales as *this*,
Asks no great deal;—fools could not judge amiss.

The commonest observer plainly sees,
That Nature carries on her works, with ease,
And moves with much exactness every where.

ALEXIS.

Is nothing, then, that's natural, not *rare*?

CURTIS.

Why,—yes; I will confess, she runs, sometimes,
Into digressions—never into crimes.

For instance; she, through negligence or whim,
May crimp a feather, or distort a limb;
Or, as if thronged by business, spoil, in haste,
A rose's fragrance, or a cherry's taste.

ALEXIS.

Thus can she sink; and may she never rise
Beyond a certain brilliancy, or size?

CURTIS.

Yes! for we see a soft, *peculiar* grace
Spreads such a lustre o'er Serena's face,
Her skin so delicate, her eye so bright,—
That ravishing the touch, and this the sight,—
As proves, demonstratively proves, I think,
Nature can rise, at times, as well as sink.

ALEXIS.

And this thou callest "digression." Very well:
Say, next, what is digression?—pry'thee tell.

CURTIS.

'Tis deviation; 'tis a step, a slide,
From Nature's ordinary course aside;
By which one may a kind of inference draw,
That she forgets, or slights her COMMON LAW.

ALEXIS.

The Common Law of Nature! good again:
And who can best that Common Law explain,
Herself, or thou?

CURTIS.

Herself, thou may'st be sure.

ALEXIS.

Than this, agreed, no answer can be truer.

Here, Curtis, now, I seriously would pause,
And coolly ask, *what* are these common laws?
But on this theme, know thou, to *reason* well,
The nouns of Grace and Nature, first, must tell:
For Grace and Nature from one Fountain came,
And their grand consummation is the same.

In this plain abstract of the glorious plan
Of Providence in fabricating man
(What time the dawning light on Nature poured
The cheering beam, till all shall be restored)
We find one agent-principle employed
To fill and animate the mighty void:—
"In the Beginning was the WORD."—We find
The mind, with all the energies of mind,
When o'er the extensive ways of *Being* tost,
Is like a pebble in the Atlantic lost.

In retrospect, when into childhood brought,
Tracing my first immersion into thought,
I find how indistinctly, now, appears
What *then* awaked my sorrows, hopes, and fears.
My own existence slowly I discerned,
Whilst all the knowledge of the PAST I learned,
Of father, mother, nurse or relative,
Who gave the intelligence they had to give;—
A scanty pittance, which most clearly showed,
That all *their* light in the same channel flowed.
Thought, at some point, must have begun to be
And some intelligence (thou wilt agree)

Must have existed, capable to extend
The power or faculty to comprehend;
There must have been a *Spirit* that could give
The first drawn breath of life to what might live;
There must have been *without Beginning*, then,
One who could give Beginning unto men;
And who HE was, the Evangelist has told,
In language I endeavour to unfold.
"In the Beginning was the WORD:" The same
Who as a Saviour and Redeemer came;
The same was the Creator, and was made
Flesh, and dwelt, veiled within an earthly shade.
Is this mysterious?—EVERY THING is SO;
For every thing of Nature which we *know*,
Is revelation and discovery, all,
From tiny insects, infinitely small,
Inhabiting the drop a ray absorbs,
Up to yon flaming and tremendous orbs.
Say is not man himself a mystery?
What then? shall he relinquish, or must he
Deny his being which he strives in vain
With all his pomp of Learning to explain?
Is he to call, *because* he cannot find
How matter is cemented to the mind,
A gross absurdity, or else, deny
The *existence* of a link he can't descry?
How many combinations we believe
Exist, which we could never once perceive!
How many *do*, which some, who REASON well,
Have proved (they think) to be impossible!

In all the ways and works of the Most High,
See shade and sunshine strike the astonished eye!
What magnitude, and what minuteness, see!
And what complexness and simplicity!
And since *The Book** connects the like extremes
Which Nature shows, in Providence's schemes,
It is presumed (and no mean proof!) that all
May be traced back to one original—
THE WORD, that fruitful, *ever*-fruitful cause,
Which was before this earthly fabrick was;
But of whose pre-existent state, the mind
To *vague* ideas, solely, is confined;—
For on those waves of Contemplation tost,
Thought is o'erwhelmed, and in research is lost.
Yet Wisdom—(whom the king of Israel heard—)
Who "was with God," as his omnifick WORD,
This pre-existent state to us has told:
In the Beginning, ere his works of old,
The Lord possessed me, and I took my birth
Before the bursting depths or teeming earth
From chaos rose; before the fountains flowed;
Before the world with dust and hills was strowed;
Before he poised the mountains; and before
The fields were planted, and fruit-branches bore.—
When he prepared the heavens, I was *there!*
When high above he hung the clouds in air;
When with a compass on the depth's broad face
He struck a circle round its measured place;

* By "The Book," is meant the Bible.

When first he walled the fountains of the sea;
And when he gave to ocean his decree,
And fenced the waters in, by his command,
And laid the deep foundations in the sand,
Then I was with him, heard his guardian voice,
Rejoiced before him, and made him rejoice,
And cheered the habitable earth, for then
I took delight amongst the sons of men.

CURTIS.

These are fine thoughts, and finely sung; but I
Am much too dull to see how they apply.
From Crichton's case, 'tis plain, thou hast digressed
Further than I could possibly have guessed,—
I who so well before had known thy skill
Of dragging thy poor muse down dale, up hill,
Whither thou now art labouring, I suppose,
To lead me like a caitiff by the nose.
But I am not so docile. Nay, I grudge
The time already lost; nor will I budge
Onward one peg, till I am made to see
How all this preaching can apply to me.

ALEXIS.

Curtis! keep cool; and thou shalt shortly view
How well it all applies, and *feel* it too;
For I predict, that thou shalt hide thy face,
With shame, or change thy mind, or shift thy place,
And, wincing, screw thy bold position down
To a mere blast which had been idly blown.

Glance now an eye upon the powers of man,
And see how much he *does*! how much he can

Yet is this active prodigy confined
To *limits* which his proudest efforts bind.
Lo! when he starts, to give the big command,
He finds *materials* ordered to his hand,
Which he at most, but polishes, or scrapes,
Or chips, or modifies, or shifts, or shapes.
This is his power, and only this, is *his**
Who makes the world at present what it is—
One heap of dire commotion, swelling words,
And drums, and guns, and trumpets, and drawn swords.
To Gallic Cæsar, as to me, is known
A truth which from his teeth he will not own,
Though in the secret of his heart he raves,
Because—he *cannot*, yet, command the waves.
Yes! Buonaparte is a pigmy still,
And limited his sway, say what he will;
And he shall find, though Alexander, now,
Furnish much laurel for his haughty brow,
Soon shall he find, as ancient Pharaoh found,
His power a shadow, and his strength a sound.
His blast exhausted, we shall see that form,
(Upheld by might not his, through many a storm,)
Descend, a breathless carcase, to the grave
Without capacity one limb to save;
And there, sepulchred in his kindred loom,
His fellow worms shall gnaw it and consume.—

* Buonaparté is here meant.

Now, in the face of such a fact as this,
Shall we go on to construe life amiss?
Be proud of strength and wisdom, never ours?
And call in question the celestial powers?
With bold effrontery erect the head?
Although the very pebbles, where we tread,
Boast properties and qualities unknown
To us who talk with such dogmatick tone!—
"In the Beginning was the *Word*."

CURTIS.

Proceed.

ALEXIS.

"In him was LIFE." Is, Curtis, this thy creed?

CURTIS.

It is.—I never doubted truths like these.

ALEXIS.

Well, let us sketch this Life, in its degrees.
Within the *Vegetable* world, we trace
Expansion, or a fructifying race,
And power of reproduction, which decay
Whene'er the parent-germ dissolves away.
A grain of wheat, thou knowst as well as I,
When sown, to gain vitality, must die.
It has not life, then, in itself. The power
That generated it *supports* the flower.
This power is *His*, whose gracious mandate first
Bade grass, herb, tree, from their dark prison burst.
The mandate was obeyed: the fruit was good,
Prepared to serve as physick and as food.—

From the same fount of Life, next, lo! proceed
Beast, bird, fish, insect, and of *every* breed,
To whom was given, to make the work complete,
The verdant herb and fruit-bent branch for meat.

But now behold! a higher Life, it seems, [streams
From the same source, with liquid promptness,
Adam was called from dust. Roused, as from death,
He starts and catches the first offered breath;
Then he, at once, a living soul *became*,
And felt the gliding rapture through his frame.

One vital principle, in every grade,
Derived, we see, and needing constant aid;
For, if denied its ever-new supplies,
It hastens to extinction, droops and dies.
But *He*, in whom was Life, Life underived,
Of Life can never, never be deprived;
Nor needs he an extrinsick aid to give
Support to THAT which must forever live.

"In him was Life;" which Life (observe again)
"Was," says the Evangelist, the "Light of men;"—
The inspiration of the Almighty gives
An UNDERSTANDING, and that Spirit lives
Which is the Candle of the Lord, Most High,
And which from *beasts* men are distinguished by.
The SOURCE of Being, thus ('tis evident)
Material, animal, intelligent,
Is that same WORD, of whom it has been said,
That *without him* not any thing was made;

And by him ALL that have received a birth,
Seen or NOT SEEN, in heaven and in earth,
Whether dominions, principalities,
Or powers, or thrones, of high or low degre
Were called into existence.

CURTIS.

Well! go on,
And let us know the sequel.

ALEXIS.

I have done.
There needs no more; for I will not believe
That Curtis is too purblind to perceive
The drift of what I've said. He must confe
How blasphemous (I cannot call it less)
How very blasphemous it were for us,
Inhabitants of dust to *argue* thus:
"*This* is impossible; *that* cannot be,
"*Because*—'tis not familiar to *me!*
"Nature has laws; her laws I've studied we
"Noon's burning rays shall morning's mists
"There flames shall rise; here liquid drops
"stream;
"Those feel the blast, and these the lunar l
"A plum-stone never shall produce a peach
"Nor mind to Crichton's high gradation re
Alas! alas! when Dust and Ashes draw
The legislative line of Nature's law,
How positive! how loud! how full of will!
Not having learnt that Newton, living still,

Had still been but a tyro in that art
In which the modern Volneys are so smart!

CURTIS.

Well, well, Alexis, smoothe thy ruffled mien;—
I now acknowledge Crichton might have been;
That flames may not consume, nor water wet;
But—let me add—still, still I don't forget,
That these are *miracles*, and nothing less.

ALEXIS.

By which, if thy true sentiments I guess,
I've treed thee to a subterfuge—a shift.

CURTIS.

Art thou disposed my sentiments to sift?

ALEXIS.

I am. The thread of argument, methinks,
Involves so many thorough-puts and kinks,
That if they be not carefully smoothed out
A mind may seem convinced when full of doubt;
And, vice versa, disputants may be
In words at variance, and, at heart, agree.
For thou know'st well, and every lawyer knows,
How argument from misconception grows—
Mere misconception of, perhaps, the terms
In which a disputant his thoughts affirms.
A rare or novel thought, a common phrase
Not cogently, or not at all, conveys:
Thy mind, for instance, glowing with its thought,
Can trace it in thy words, whilst mine may not.
I in myself the vocal sign compare,
And find, or think I find, its image there;

When, if the truth were known, I merely view,
Not what thy words, but my own fancy drew.
From which plain case it manifestly springs
That whilst we talk we talk of different things.

CURTIS.

All this I grant. And to philosophise
With that discretion which becomes the wise,
Each should expose the *thing* which he affirms
By change or explanation of his terms.
But I am not aware how this can be
Of service either to thyself or me,
Just at this time; for both know very well,
What *is*, and what *is not*, a miracle.

ALEXIS.

And yet 'tis possible, though so defined
As to adapt itself to either mind,
The word, called miracle, may raise in thine
Something not similar to that in mine.
Each may subscribe, for instance, to this fact,
"That 'tis a supernatural deed or act;"
Which definition well enough supports
Our sentiments although of different sorts.

CURTIS.

To me not less than paradox is that.
Pry'thee explain what thou art driving at.

ALEXIS.

'Tis difficult in metre, and, I fear,
As well for want of an attentive ear
As clear expressions, cogent and precise—

CURTIS.

poh! 'tis needless to apologise:
n the impressions on the mind are strong,
guage is not apt to be far wrong;
or *me*, thou shalt not sue in vain
ttentive ear;—explain, explain.

ALEXIS.

ind, in every age, since he of *Nod*,
a restless *fugitive* from God,
the genial light which Truth displays,
t themselves in speculation's maze.
hy and Science, misapplied,
to draw the mental feet aside
t strait path, to which no *wing* can fly,
rable to the vulture's *eye*,
the lion and his whelps of prey
ver—fierceness never passed that way.
n our day, what wonder if we trace
of *Science* in the foremost place,
bout the heart, and filling it
the impurities of human wit?
lotry of mind, so rank in Cain,
vived in Condorcet and Paine.—
?—I blot the word, 'tis not revived;
1 hearts this lust has *always* lived.
age, Bayles, Voltaires, Mirabeaus,
t-like as the sun of Learning rose;
soil, analogous to clime,
and Godwins glistened in their *slime*,
ad, like vermine that receive their birth
foul beach, their venom round the earth.

The genial beam, first darting on the germ,
Warms into life the philosophick worm.
Unconscious of the life within his blood
Supine he lies and slumbers in the mud:
Unconscious still—the cheering beam renews
Diurnal warmth, fresh vigour to infuse;
Till after many an anxious visit paid
A consciousness of life becomes displayed.
The *sapient* creature, then, first opes his eyes,
And next to move his tiny limbs he tries;
Surprised at what he sees, at what he feels,
He shakes himself and in his transport reels.
Repeated trials teach him;—oft he falls,
Yet blunders on and in due season crawls.
He lives (he finds) he breathes the air, and drinks;
He eats, and sleeps, and dreams, and wakes, and
thinks.
These in successive order occupy
His studious hours, and he examines why?
And how? And asks wherefore he laughs, sleeps, eats,
Drinks, dreams, and wakes? The question he repeats
Till his great self some goodly answers frames,
To which he gives fine philosophick names;
Not knowing, silly reptile, that he grows
More ignorant by what he thinks he knows.

Now, with a consciousness of his vast powers,
He founds his cities, and he builds his towers,
Whose *cloud*-capt heads sonorously proclaim
To gazing worms the greatness of his name.
I speak of BABYLON.

CURTIS.

Elugo stands,
To wail her ruins, strewn in barren sands,
Where Shinar, teeming with rich fruits and grain,
Once smiled with joy through all her fertile plain.

ALEXIS.

Thy views are outward. How shall I control,
And with my numbers fix thy wandering soul?
O that thou knew how different are our views,
In spite of every caution of the muse
To chain thy thought, which ever whisks away,
Fleet as the gale from what she strives to say!
And yet 'tis not, though freely I confess
Much want of skill my feelings to express,
'Tis not the fault of language that thy mind
Should be to things of higher import blind.
Of *Babylon* I speak;—and I can see,
Under that name, all that appears to thee—
A city of extensive magnitude,
Composed of bricks and mortar, brass and wood:
Walled in and ditched all round; one hundred gates
Of brazen pannels, all of solid plates;
With towers between of such stupendous height
As to astonish the beholder's sight—
All this, when Babylon is named, I view
Rise in my thought, and find the picture true,
Yet, more remotely in the mind I see
As plain a Babylon, not seen by thee.

CURTIS.

This is some child which Fancy has begot,
Within the *womb of* an enthusiast's thought;

'Tis a mere idiot's dream, deceptive shade
That mocks the senses—

ALEXIS.

Curtis, why upbraid?
And wherefore, let me ask, art thou *inclined*,
To shut thine eyes and be, from choice, thus blind?
Is this the love of Truth, pray, to fly off,
And rather than refute, scoff, idly scoff?

CURTIS.

Alexis, pardon me; I did but jest.
Come, bring thy shadowy image to the test.

ALEXIS.

Bring, let me rather urge, thy roving thought,
From fields it long has ranged, uncurbed, untaught,
And let it, first, to discipline submit
To be of use, like horses to the bit.
I do not censure;—what thou dost not see,
Was, till of late, invisible to me,
And the true beauties of this universe
Were wrapped within a veil I could not pierce,
But, in return to many an eager prayer,
My heart, which owns a secret spirit there,
Has found the hand of a benignant sprite
To tear the veil away which stopped my sight.

Thus some poor mortal of inquiring mind,
Launched into Life's perplexing mazes, blind,
Is made to feel, in unexpected hour,
The skilful oculist's triumphant power.
A beauteous universe, not formed anew
But newly known, now bursts upon the view;

Through which it seems the soul with transport springs
From the coarse texture of exteriour things,
And whilst the awakened sense new worlds displays
No speculative whimsy checks the gaze.
Here all is plain. No difficulties rise
To spread the mist of Learning o'er our eyes;
No half-hid schemes of Providence perplex,
No systems thwart, no subterfuges vex;
For now, in spite of many a sceptick sneer,
We fear our God, and manifest that fear,
By fair avowal of his power and name,
In the loud blast, or in the burning flame.

CURTIS.

I think I understand thee. The First Cause,
Needs not the aid of intervening Laws,
But by one ceaseless act his work performs,
And storms himself (thou say'st) whene'er it storms,
Freezes in Winter, in the Summer bakes,
And every change, that's made in Nature, makes.

ALEXIS.

Allow me to explain. The common miss
Made by mankind appears to be in this:
That filled with notions, half-conceived and dim,
They snatch the reins of government from Him
Whom they, at once, dishonour and dethrone,
As if he ruled not by his power alone.
The sun, say they, irradiates the globe
By spreading round a *light*-translucent robe;
The eye *sees* objects, and the ear *hears* sounds,
And the heart *feels* the instrument that wounds.

As if some innate power residing there
Made all these things exactly what they are;
Whereas they are just what they are, BECAUSE
One Will directs them by his sovereign laws.'
Thus light and heat, with delegated powers,
Are sent on errands to our fruits and flowers;
And thus the instrument of seeing, sees,
The ear "tries words," and every thing, with ease,
Performs its functions,—not, (as they suppose)
Because such power from its *own nature* flows,
But simply (as we might more largely show)
Because the Legislator made it *so*.

Hence, we deduce this inference direct,
That there is not one *possible effect*
More natural than others, seeing He,
Who is all-potent, keeps his agency.

Effects that follow in a certain train
Of constant order, regular and plain,
According to invariable laws,
Flow, each, we own, from its respective cause:
And these are natural effects, 'tis true
Of agencies out-spread before our view.
Every exception to this order swells
Into the class of man-made miracles,
Which, though of higher grade and different name,
Fill up an order ever where the same;
For though less known to human senses, still
One law prescribes them all—the Sovereign's will.

Whence, we infer, that, all great prodigies
And slight events are so far of a piece
That if like them performed, from day to day
Those would be no more miracles than they:
Whether of high appearance, then, or low,
All must be miracles or *none* are so.

The human form, to Galen's curious gaze,
Miraculous ability displays,
And whilst examination opes the door
Of Knowledge into Nature's *boundless* store,
Conviction modifies the atheist's creed,
And "see!" he cries, "there is a God, indeed!"
But shall we say the hand, alone, or eye,
Unfolds a clear *because* to every *why*,
(Exhibiting the agency of Him
Who fashions and proportions every limb)
As if the smallest particle of clay
Said less distinctly the same thing than they?
Examine well this quill, or that bean flower,
And the *deep* traces of Almighty power
Shall overwhelm thy sense—that sense so frail
As in each nice experiment to fail,
Long ere the secret chambers are explored
Which mock the labours of Earth's puny lord.

Where, where does Nature in her progress halt?
Tell, if thou know, and publish loud the fault.
Look round and mark, as closely as thou can'st,
What mote is *but* retarded or advanced,

By any casual jar in its career,
Or budged, the least iota from its sphere.
What bubble floats at random? or what plume
Misses its bird; or takes another's room?
What drop or globule e'er mistakes its course;
Or rolls subjected to illegal force?
What falling leaf is from *its* pathway blown,
Or flake on edge instead of flat-wise thrown?
Think'st thou one moon beam, or electrick spark
Has ever been bewildered *in the dark?*
Or that the hazel of thine eye, or glance,
Is the mere bungled, made-up child of chance?
Or that a wart or pimple on the skin
Grew from no seed, or outwardly or in?
What shadow—what vibration of a straw
Falls the wrong way, or swings against its law?
Or think'st thou that a rottenness, or bruise,
Or flaw, is left capriciously to choose
The place it shall appear in? that a crack
Has not, like lightning, its appointed track?
Behold that cunning instrument of vice,
The gamester's deity! his box and dice.
If chance preside, 'tis surely at this shrine
Where myriads meet and bend at as divine.
"See!" says the pious worshipper, "I stake
"My gold on cinques and give the box a shake,
"And calling on my God, in secret prayer,
"I throw for cinques, and cinques behold they are!"
Infatuated wretch! dost thou not know
The laws of physi cks regulate each throw,

.t the dice but follow the command
ıced by every motion of thy hand?
:ting in, the shaking slow or fast,
r seldom, and the mode of cast,
e, with many a varying circumstance,
p the gamester's deity of chance.
ıut spelling, every body knows
:ms, with carbuncles, the drunkard's nose,
:k-sculled farriers, with precision, read,
lered joints the horse's last night's feed
ly as the chopper's falling stroke
ı the north or south side of the oak,
be thought extravagant, to say,
ide of Nature ne'er mistakes his way?
anti-christian to infer
thing can, without permission, stir?
moment, we should keep this track,
n this paper white, or this ink black,
ht deduce a comprehensive rule
e some knotty points in Nature's school.
ıe colour of this ink turns pale,
.t that Walkden's arts, or Nature's, fail?
e white too hastily should drink
isture from the pen, perhaps the ink,
the paper, both or either may
se of this *phenomenon* display:
:, perchance, was sour, the other wet
:d too little, or was badly set,

So, I conjecture, nothing stands in doubt
Touching the business it is set about,
And writes it, too, with readier skill than mine
Sketches the sentiment along the line:
And if we were not purblind we should trace
Characteristick traits on every face,
As plainly as the walnut tree and beech
Show, by their bark, the properties of each.

Yes! we are more than purblind. Things must rise
Full in our front and of enormous size,
Ere, from our lips, acknowledgment will flow
That what indeed we see is truly so;
And when reluctantly 'tis dragged from us
We then deny the *cause* that made it thus!

Examine, with attention, every limb
Of that once manly form, now worn so slim,
And whose inherent weaknesses are such
As to require the gout-supporting crutch.
Born with fine faculties and sprightly mien,
Declarative of what he might have been,
Before his thirtieth summer rolled away
His mind has suffered premature decay.
The cause of all this waste, long unperceived,
Grew into habit ere it was believed,
And now conviction stares him in the face,
He pines, in secret, o'er his desperate case.
Debauched by appetite, his meat and drink
Had eaten out the very power to think.

upposed that health is never sure
ne guidance of the epicure.
ut a boy, the customs which prevail
to taste madeira, port, and ale.
:en tasting he improved the zest
ll feasts, became a favourite guest,
ie could take his glass, and roar his catch
ıt-up rosy cheeked, presiding wretch.
his mad career Glutonio drove
the prize of ignominy strove.
were spent in sleep; his sleepless nights
l away in gluttonous delights
s peculiar to degenerate times
of imbecility and crimes!)
the gorged animal, with fresh raised lust,
a time, his vigour more robust;
:h with *secret*, though with certain aim,
:ead destroying legions through his frame,
his mind, so long beneath his care,
n stript and moral feelings bare—
e brute complete! man brutified—
to be with common brutes allied.

O Intemperance! is the cursed palm
aureate honours all thy suitors damn!
ıy sly degrees through every pore
:xicating fumes of Grog and Gore
the whole system and with strong control
own the springs of body and of soul.

Yet purblind mortals shut their eyes, and sleep
Upon the brink of Ruin, broad and deep!
The drunkard's plea the butcher's bloody trade,
Religion's cries and Reason's arms evade,
And every fact and evidence deny
Although the proof stands *thick* in every eye.

CURTIS.

This is a random thrust and all a-slant;
For, as logician, thou art bound to grant
That all this talk—bawled out to catch applause—
Establishes my faith in Nature's laws:
Those very laws which, ere I was thus schooled,
Remember! I contended always ruled;
And these last sentiments of thine, indeed,
Appear to strengthen much my favourite creed.
Nay, all thou sayest about the *cause minute*
Better with mine than thy opinions suit.
Examine now the question in debate,
Without profoundly puzzling thus thy pate,
And tell me candidly, if thou don't see
That I, at last, have gained the victory.
Those laws of Nature, which, awhile ago,
Thy reasoning seemed to lessen down too low,
Again revived and fixed on thy broad base
Brush every difficulty from the case,
And loudly call upon thee to expel
Thy sentiments about a *miracle*.

ALEXIS.

Not unadvisedly I took that round
[redacted] *thou* art pleased to sneer at as profound;)

For many people, whom I much respect,
Treat Nature's operations with neglect.
Prompted by babish piety they draw
An inference in the teeth of Nature's law,
And with bold ignorance of Nature's God
Some mischief-making principles applaud.
Unconscious of their crime, with blundering zeal,
This *pious* group in Dagon's temple kneel;
To Fortune, Fate, and Chance, oblations pour
And conjure up chimeras to adore.
But let these pass: the time, I trust, will come
When all these idol-builders shall be dumb,
And every member of the church shall know
That all events from real fountains flow;
That notwithstanding their vain thoughts of Him
The God of Order never acts from whim;
Nor sends the causeless curse; nor sees it just
To let afflictions spring up from the dust.
From these I turn the glance to thee, whose scheme
Errs wildly to the opposite extreme,
In fancying all effects and causes linked
By means, from agency divine, distinct;—
As if thy carcase, or this tongue, or hand,
Could stir without the mental powers command.

This is a cobweb error, nicely spun
Which few, inclined to speculation, shun;
For Darwin-like, hypotheses they spin,
Round Nature's courts but never enter in.

Charmed with the surface, they turn infidel
And feed upon mere "*husks*"—the outside shell.
With other views, the holy psalmist knelt
To that Supreme whose ruling power he felt;
Acknowledged Him, in every thing he saw,
As Nature's sovereign, constant guide, and law,
And, with enthusiactick ardour, poured
This Hymn of praise to his unquestioned Lord.

What less than He, whom majesty and might
Clothe with a garment of fine-spun-out light;
Who spreads heav'n's azure-curtains, lays the beams
Of his bright chambers in the crystal streams,
Displays his chariot in the clouds of heaven,
And walks upon the wind's light wings, self-driven:
Who makes his angels spirits, and inspires
His ministers with flames of living fires;
Who laid the earth's foundations, deep and vast,
That during endless ages it might last;—
What less than He could cover this great globe
With the unfathomed deep, as with a robe;
Bid the bold Deluge o'er the mountains rise;
And call them, with his thunder, through the skies?
Up the steep heights the vagrant vapours go,
Then *drop* into their destined vase below,
Whence they, secure, within their limits placed,
Ne'er more shall burst o'er earth, to lay it waste.
What less than He, could freshning springs distil,
And wind them through the vales, from hill to hill?

To the wild ass salubrious draughts they yield,
And all his brother tenants of the field;
Whilst all the fowls of heaven, of every wing,
Build o'er the brink and in the branches sing.
What less than He could water all the plain
And satisfy the thirsty earth with rain?
He qualifies the farmer to produce
Grass for the cattle, herbs for man's own use,
And, to increase his comforts, gives him wine,
Bread, to breed strength, and oil, to make him shine.
Thy cedars, Lebanon! He planted where
The birds suspend their high-hung nests in air,
Save the fleet stork, whom differing choice inclines
To wander through a wilderness of pines.
Goats, wild and shy, climb round the high hills' brink,
And in the rock the rabbit has his chink.
The moon regards her seasons; and the sun
Knows when the circuit of his course is run;
Darkness then follows; and the shades of night
Call forth the creeping beasts that hate the light:
The lion's whelps now roar for prey abroad,
And seek their victuals at the hand of God;
But when the balm of morn impregns the air
They form a group and crouch within their lair;
Whilst man to his accustomed labour goes,
And toils, till evening calls him to repose.
How manifold, indeed! may it be said,
Lord, are thy works, in perfect wisdom made!
The earth, oppressed with her enormous load,
Groans with the riches which thou hast bestowed.

And not the solid parts of earth, alone,
Beneath the fulness of thy bounties groan;
For, in the amplitude of ocean's womb
Its creeping crowds find no superfluous room:
Ships skim the surface, and the finny race
Sport in the depth's immeasurable space.
These wait upon thee, and, with one accord,
Call for the largess of their liberal lord.
What thou bestowest they gather, and the food,
Which thou dispensest, fills them all with good;
But if thou hide thy face, or turn away,
Lo! they are filled with trouble and dismay;
And if thou take away their breath, behold,
They turn to pristine dust, supine and cold.
But when thy spirit visits them again
The vital current glides through every vein,
Fresh generations burst, at once, to birth,
And faces new re-vivify the earth.
Thus shall the glory of the Lord endure,
And his rejoicing be for ever sure;
For *all* his works, in one promiscuous throng,
Shall form one voice to sing one general song.
E'en when the earth shall tremble at his look
And every hill shall feel his touch and smoke,
Then shall his praise, proclaimed aloud, arise
In bursting anthems to the listening skies:
My feeble lips the plaudits shall repeat
And all my meditations shall be sweet;
For in his glory shall my heart rejoice
And *gladness* tune and elevate my voice.

Then shall those sinners that deny his name
Feel its full power in the destroying flame;
Whilst every pious heart their Lord shall bless
In realms of everlasting happiness.

NOTES.

Page 55, 13th Line.

. medical student was so taken up with examining structure of his hand, that he lay awake one whole it, opening and shutting, and making his observa- s upon it. Doctor Rush, in introducing the sub- of the eye, in the course of one of his lectures, tes this anecdote, and fills up the climax in this ner; "If the contemplation of the mechanism of *hand*, could keep an anatomical student awake a le night, the contemplation of the wonders of the ought to keep him awake for ever!" This is ve- eautiful language, but is it not hyperbolical? The rence in the degree of such philosophical admi- on proceeds not, it is conjectured, from any real rence of superiority in the objects themselves ch excite it—(seeing every thing which is per- ly formed is truly, and therefore equally wonder- —but has its origin in the short-sightedness of the osopher whose admiration of natural productions exact proportion to his own confined views of , without an adequate regard to their own seve- mportance. The moral of the fable of the Belly the other members might be extended to enforce doctrine.

Secret Chambers. Page 55, 24th Line.

serious perusal of Mercier's fine speculations, call- rth by a glance at Spalanzani's microscopical won- , *ought to satisfy* any one, capable of thinking, of *ttle we are able to judge of the all of any one even the minutest!*

—in his glory. Page 64, 29th Line.

The Psalmists rejoicing is of the right kind. For whether he shall be finally classed amongst the pious or the reprobate, it is the proper business of the creature to acknowledge the justness of the law which condemns him as a sinner. Until the doctrine which regards the Divine law as altogether holy, just, and good, gains a hearty acquiescence in our minds, independently of all thoughts of our own condition under it, we are and must be inimical to the glory of the Divine character and blind to the certain perfections of created objects.

THE

PIG AND THE PISMIRE.

A SATIRE.



THE

PIG AND THE PISMIRE.

A SATIRE.

---

itter and honey shall he eat *that* he may know to se the evil, and to choose the good.—*Isaiah.*
he fasts so often inculcated among the Jews, were ided to lessen the incentives to vice; for pride, lty, and sensuality, are as much the natural conse- ices of luxury, as apoplexies and palsies. But *quality* as well as the quantity of aliment, has an ience upon morals; hence we find the moral dis- s that have been mentioned, are most frequently offspring of animal food.—*Doctor Rush.*

THE

PIG AND THE PISMIRE.

A SATIRE.

LATELY perambulating in the shade
That hangs round Seminary Range, I made
Such observations on the lives of men
As many a moralising bard does, when,
Scarce feeling on her neck the loosened rein,
Thought gallops with him round this world of pai

As pious Bramins eye, lest they might maim
An insect where they walk, I do the same;
Esteeming it no manliness to put,
For want of care, upon a worm, my foot,
And holding it both cowardly and mean
To tread upon it with design, when seen.
It chanced, as if to pay me for this care,
An emmet, dragging home his winter's fare,
First stopped my footstep, urging it to light
Aside a little, where it safely might.
A pig, it seems, had 'spied the insect too,
And had been, like myself, for aught I knew,
Lost in deep cogitations, such as mine,
Upon the nature and the use of swine.

If now my reader courteously will grant
Both that I understood the pig and ant,
And they each other, I will, at a word,
Strictly interpret things as they occurred.

Making at every step a wider track,
By dragging and half carrying on his back
A miller or a moth, six times his size,
The pismire tugged and sweated with his prize.
O'er many a hill and hollow in his road,
The busy porter bore his cumb'rous load;
Or, when some greater roughness in the ground
Forced him to leave the line direct, went round.
Sometimes, in deep despair, or angry mood,
The sullen pismire, like a carman, stood
Bewailing much his miserable case,
And wiping, with his sleeve his sweaty face;
Or stormed and fretted, tore, with spite, his hair,
And, carman-like, did every thing but swear.

Ants never swear. This vice appears confined
To reptiles of the *reasonable* kind.—

Well! after much vexation and fatigue,
Up comes, and thus accosts him, Mr. Pig: ["Seem!"
"You seem to have your troubles, neighbour."
Exclaimed the ant as loud as he could scream;
There is no *seeming* in the case,—I *am*
As full of wretchedness as I can cram."
"Your load is large," replied the pig. "But, pray
Why need you sweat your scanty life away?

You have not long to live, and I should think
It matters little what you eat and drink."
"And yet," replies the pismire, "it is plain
That whilst I *do* live in this world of pain,
I must subsist on something; and to get
Mere necessaries costs some care and sweat."
"But you are so diminutive a thing,
That if you always did but skip and sing,
I do not doubt but you would be supplied
With every thing you wanted, till you died.
Much you cannot consume, and, if not nice
You might be catered for at no great price."
"Still I have reasons which you do not see;"
Answered the ant. "I have a family.
And children must have bread. Besides my spouse
Is sometimes sick and cannot leave the house.
And if I did not then provide for them
My conscience would such negligence condemn;
For infidels themselves provide for those
Within whose veins the blood of kinship flows."
"If to lay up a *little*," pig retorts,
"Requires, of every ant, so many sorts
Of drudging jobs as you, my friend, contrive,
You are the most unhappy folks alive,—
And if you work for more than is enough
The wisdom of your conduct needs some proof."
"All that a being, blessed with common sense,
Asks," quoth the emmet, "is a *competence*."
"And this same competence is, I suppose,"
Enquires the pig, "what every body knows?"

'The word at least, as every one agrees,
s proper," says the ant. "Then, if you please,"
lesumes, with much sang-froid, the *curious* hog,
Explain to me a word so much in vogue;
or, though the term is common, I confess,
ne'er heard one that's comprehended less."
A competence comprises," said the ant,
Just what one's reasonable comforts want.
hat, I am sure, is all I want, and *that*
eems what the most of us are driving at."
Yet, were the definitior just, I'm sure
loderate exertions might the boon procure;
or," said the long-faced censor, "bounteous heaven
ife's comforts has, with such profusion given,
hat every thing which flies, swims, creeps, or
hops,
las, one and all, enough to fill their crops.
ee!" said this vindicator of heaven's ways,
What solid ground for thankfulness and praise!
ucculent plants and roots, so soft and sweet!
r shade our brows, or grow beneath our feet,
Whilst the beneficently teeming blast
hakes from on high the nutrimental mast;
nd many a corn-field, ripening for the cribs,
romises wholesome covering for our ribs.
eholding Nature, with the eyes I do,
never fail to fatten whilst I view,—
eaving to those that labour at the plough,
o eat their *portion* with a sorry brow."

"With us, not such philosophy prevails,"
Replies the pismire. "Nature's law entails
('Tis evident from every thing around)
On labour's sons the tilling of the ground;—
Whence, we infer, that he is but a pest
Who lives upon the earnings of the rest,
And every well conducted government
Fixes a stigma on the indolent.
The very facts which thou hast stated, show
That toil produces all the fruits that grow;
He, then, who lazily his limbs would spare
From work, ought he the harvest, say, to share?
"And this *you* call philosophy!" the pig,
In haste, cries, swollen with exultation big,
"Alas! my *little* wise-one, it is plain
Thy neck is twisted by the screw of gain,
By which the glances of thine opticks strike
The objects of thy gaze, somewhat *oblique*.
This reasoning is not new to me. Our *pen*,
Within the vicinage of those called men,
Is visited in such a way, that I
Oft catch their words, when lounging near the st
Their arguments are much the same as thine,
Derided and laughed at by every swine.
The first thing with the farmer, and the last,
Eternal, always present, never past,
Is, how he shall strike work out, for his hands,
In building houses and improving lands,—
Lands that he may not see, and cannot till,
And houses which ten ages could not fill.

, still, with never-resting toil, he plods
it into guineas to transform his clods.
I am much ashamed that I should be
ssed with them in the general family;
· *animals* they are, I can't deny,
ch as their avarice would disgrace our sty."
he human family," the ant exclaimed,
ave never dreamt that hogs should be ashamed
be associates in one common herd;—
s is to rate them low, upon my word!"
ow?" said the pig, whose indignation now,
ped through the curly foretop of his brow,
Vhate'er men's character might once have been,
n't pretend to speak of; but between
and these tyrants, *now*, there's surely none
think we loose by fair comparison."
emember," said the ant, "when thus you strike,
hint you dropt about the *glance oblique*.
sed in defence of honour, as you are,
s selfish zeal may carry you too far.
a an imitator, I confess,
uman arts too much to acquiesce
is invective, and I must impeach
nce the truth and boldness of your speech."
tolerating," said the pig, "the cares
l parsimonious hoarding up of theirs,
me retort the hint which you have thrown,
t in *their* cause you vindicate your *own*.
natter. Take me fairly at my word,
ame one vice peculiar to our herd,

One, which mankind are free from, and at once
I'll own myself a slanderer, and a dunce."
"Well," cried the ant, "who is too blind to see
Your *filth*, your *laziness*, and *gluttony*?
I name no more. And since you justify
The common longing habits of the sty,
We, if you please, will now confine the view
Of observation to the other two."
"A sloven and a glutton! very well!"
Grunted the pig. "Now for the parallel.
I am a hog. And is there room for shame
By owning both my character and name?
To glory in the charge which you have brought
Would be to rate my being as I ought.

There is, you know, in Nature and in Art,
A symmetry of shape, of part with part,
Which, if distorted in the least awry,
Offends the critick's perspicacious eye.
This is so true of Art, that it were waste
Of time to expatiate on this law of Taste;
This universal law, which beams from far
On the chaste eye, like the great polar star.
Applied to morals as to arts, it shows
The root whence every ugly fibre grows.
As real Beauty may, without caprice,
Be said to be where all is of a piece;
So ugly things, are things but badly matched,
Singly quite perfect—wrongedby being patch

Now, if you please, let us examine by
This simple rule the ORDER of our sty.
You find it nasty. It is so, indeed;
But this is not the place where angels feed.
Beings of nicer mould than that of swine,
Might, in a residence like ours repine;
And, if denied a more congenial fare,
Would find it difficult to fatten there.
But 'tis not so with us. There we can squeeze,
And grunt together, all, with perfect ease.
And this is quite consistent (or I dream)
With all the other parts of Nature's scheme.
Look at our bodies. Does not every limb
As clearly manifest the skill of him
Who formed it thus, as e'en the prettiest girls'
With all their white and red, their eyes and curls?
Yes! there is not a bristle but declares
Our claims to excellence as loud as theirs.
Examine next our functions, my good friend,
And *means*, behold, adapted to the *end*.
Eyes less discerning than an ant's, might see
How suitable *my* senses are for *me*;—
For me, identically, made to suit,
Don't you admire this snout and cloven foot?
If, like a lady's, formed to scent a rose,
How could I grub the forest, with my nose?
And if like hers, so delicately thin,
My hide were only a transparent skin,
The fleas and vermine which the sty infest,
Would stop my snoring and abridge my rest.

And if my *taste* were not as *perfect* quite
I should expire for want of appetite.
I have my rules for eating; and my smell
Not readily offended, serves me well;
And if the laws of swine-kind I obey
Am I a glutton or a sloven, say?"

"Well" said the emmet, after a short pause,
"I own you plead with much success your cause:
But you have still a harder job in hand,
By argument, to make me understand
Why those whose reason more than instinct shines,
Have feebler claims to indulgence than a swine's;
For, if I comprehend your reasoning, men
Have not the rights and priv'lege of *the pen*."
"Except by usurpation," pig rejoined,
"Our rights were ne'er possessed by human kind.
Subjected to a different law from ours,
Man was endowed with intellectual powers,—
A *mental apparatus*, made to suit
A state between the seraph and the brute.
Temperance became, for him, the corner stone,
To build the temple of his virtues on;—
Not by an arbitrary law or whim,
But from the *nature* and the *make* of him,
Whose form erect and spirit-sparkling eye
Unfit him for a stable or a sty.
Contrary soon to the first principle
Of his perfection, man turned infidel,

And, trampling all his honours in the dust,
Became, hog-like, a vassal to his lust.
Lusts feed on lusts, and, kindled, in their turn
Blow to a blaze, the sparks by which they burn;
So that we need not wonder when we find
The conflagration spread through all mankind.
Hogs, you assert, are greedy. Yes! they *swill*,
And, with raw mast and roots, their paunches fill;
Acorns they craunch, and orts, unwashed, go down
As glibly as the dainties of the town.
But what is man? and what man, that can feel
The loathsomeness of an intemperate meal,
Blushes not for the honour of a race
That wear their kitchen badges on the face!

Peep at the bloated tenants of yon huts
And search not styes for slovens and for sluts.
The very thought of Decency no more
Visits the threshold of the Drunkard's door!
Brawls after brawls, in one unceasing sound,
Fling filth, obscenity, and lies around.
Oaths belched on oaths, and imprecations dire,
Like exhalations, from a swamp, aspire,
Till subtilized, by Habit's gradual heat,
A pestilence is *breathed* in every street;
The town, grown sick, flies off to country air,
And spreads the miasmata every where.
From this foul source, alone, 'tis plainly seen,
No corner *can* of christendom be clean;

For fire the heaped-up rubbish will expand,
And propagate pollutions through the land;
And, whilst the mass remains, the smoke must rise
In spite of e'en the efforts of the wise."
"This is high strained philosophy enough,"
Replies the ant, "yet not demanding proof;
For, in this fast-reforming age, the men
Begin to see it—'may be one in ten—
And they who do so, are, 'tis said, agog,
To exterminate this enemy called Grog."
"Yet shall they not prevail," the pig replies,
"Till they to greater clearness rub their eyes.
Error's strong root lies deep; and they must pause
To trace this cause of mischief to *its cause*.

One of the reasons that may be assigned
Why men are blind, and why they are kept blind,
Is, that whilst careful of their drink, they eat,
Without distinction in the choice of meat.
Lopsided, like a bird with broken wing,
Thinking to soar, man gives himself a swing,
When topsy-turvy tumbling from on high,
He *feels* how difficult it is to fly.
To *us* who stand aside, how plain the case
Which puzzles, with dark doubts, the human race!
But so it is, whate'er the players proclaim,
The stander-by knows most about the game;
Or, shall I say, since seeing is to *feel*,
That *they* see best who most are made to squeal?

No matter which—an inconsistent rule
Must prove the one who follows it a fool;
And if man is not inconsistent, I
Will forfeit every privilege of the sty."—
"Of inconsistency, thyself, beware,"
Exclaimed the emmet; "nor esteem it fair
To draw *him* to *your* bar and try his cause
According to your principles and laws."
"I scorn to take advantage," said the hog,
"At all times of the absent—though a rogue;
Not at the swine's tribunal, but their own
Proud Reason's court, their folly shall be shown;
For, jew-like, christians, with distorted aim
Piously keep the laws which fix their shame.

I meddle not, at present, with war's sons
Cradled and nurtured amidst drums and guns,
Who fight for feathers, or a silken string,
Or to be styled a "Sir!" or some such thing.
These have their maxims and their code of laws,
Such as they are, to challenge our applause.
I find no inconsistency in them
Whose rules of life do not their lives condemn.
The western savage may, for me, contrive
To catch his brother and roast him alive;
Or Frenchmen, with more philosophick mien,
Playthings invent, and call them guillotines;
All this, though bad enough, may still be borne
Without exciting an indignant scorn.

They know perhaps no better, or, at least,
They do not wish to rise above the beast.
But—when I see a class of men, erect,
Walking like men, and claiming my respect,
Early and late establishing their worth
By chasing fraud and folly from the earth,
With no mean hopes inspired, attempt to show
How heavenly plants in earthly mould should grow;
And talk of PEACE and CHARITY, and melt,
As if their hearts the things they talked of felt;—
And when I hear their bursting thunders fall
Not against this offence or that, but all,
Publishing loud a universal creed
Against ALL WARS and every wrathful deed,
And that, withal, heaven sets a higher price
On MERCY than the costliest sacrifice,
And roundly *proving* that, beyond all doubt,
He that within is clean IS CLEAN WITHOUT,—
Say, when I see and hear these things, my friend,
Where dost thou think the glowing sketch will end?
Alas! the contrast bursting on my eyes,
Every think like descriptive skill defies,
And *facts*, alone, must prove them hypocrites,
Or much deceived—else I have lost my wits!

Hardened to acts of violence, behold!
This human family of young and old,
All, full of words of "PEACE and CLEMENCY,"
Pass not one day from blood pollution free.

Butchers of every age and either sex,
Whose lust for blood laughs at all counter checks,
Unblushingly their horrid rites maintain
By feasting on the carcase of the slain!
And even when at MERCY'S SHRINE they pour
Their prayers—their lips are humid with the gore:
Not with the gore of *enemies*, decreed
By martial sentence, or revenge, to bleed,—
Not with the gore, like Indians, of the foe [the blow,
Who, measuring strength with strength, provoked
But with the gore of every sort of GAME
That swims, or flies, or runs, both wild and tame,—
Innocent martyrs to their lust, who were
Made to replenish water, earth, or air,
Made, by that hand that made their murderers, bright,
And, links of the same chain, as perfect quite!"

The emmet though he never had before
Suspected CHRISTIANS to be fond of gore,
Yet, having picked some habits up when young
Of these his noble patrons, would not wrong
Their characters and his own judgment so,
As now to yield, though staggered by the blow.
So, shrugging round, he gave his moth a jerk,
And with recruited vigour went to work;
Twisted and tugged, and every thing but swore,
Resolved to be—just what he was before.
The pig, expressing, with a look aslant,
How worthy of contempt he thought the ant,
More stiffly to his lounging plan adhered
And slowly to a rain-made puddle steered,

Where, solacing himself, he wallowing lay
Whilst gently rolled the afternoon away,
At ease determining, as others do,
To hug *his* ancient prejudices too.
I, conning o'er the nature of the case
And rubbing off the blushes from my face,
Withdrew, to pen this tedious dialogue
Between this curious pismire and the hog.

ODES, &c.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS,

DURING A STORM.

O'ER the wan sun the shades of night
Have spread a melancholy pall,
And wintry blasts, with wild affright,
Play round about this earthly ball,
And thickening storms of arrowy sleet
Prepare the traveller's winding sheet.

Snug in my chimney-corner, swept
And with a sparkling aspect gay,
Where puss, in cheery mood, has slept,
Or frisked the afternoon away,—
There, whilst the kettle sings for me,
I watch the blaze, awaiting tea.

Yet is the time not wholly lost,
Which in the twilight thus is past;
For whilst I wail the reign of FROST,
Screened from the evening's chilling blast,
The happiness of my fire-side
Provokes the tear it seems to chide.

The lively flow within this heart,
Where SORROW had been lodged for years,
And many a smile-restraining smart
Had scooped a channel for my tears,
The lively flow of thankfulness
What circumstances shall repress!

To keep that happy flow of Thought
Which has been long preserved, alive,
Methinks a grateful feeling ought,
With unremitted care, to strive;
Lest APATHY's insipid brood
Should choke the voice of GRATITUDE.

Let bosoms that have never known
The wounds of sorrow such as mine,
Resemble if they choose, the stone
Where LISTLESSNESS's sons recline;—
They whom AFFLICTION does not give
Enjoyment, know not how to *live*.

Me, other charms than such as rouse
The languid sons of PLEASURE, please;
For CONTEMPLATION ne'er allows
To spurn at moments such as these:
Moments which every feeling, prone
To moral musing, calls its own.

But for remembrance of the past,
My lazy thoughts would hardly stray
Across the threshold, where the blast
With dangers strews the traveller's way;
And where the unpitying tempest knocks
All shelterless, the herds and flocks.

Nor, but for sympathetick powers,
Should I revisit now THE MAIN,
Where mariners, in these dark hours,
Reef every rag of sail in vain!
Loud howls the gale! whilst through the floor
Under bare poles the vessel scuds!

Where, now, unthinking mortals, where
Is all your artificial boast?
What means can save you now but prayer?
The means which ye have slighted most!
Kneel then—this talisman may save
Your bark from the o'erwhelming wave.

Ah me! the warm solicitude
Which snatches me from my repose,
Can do the sufferers little good,
Nor check the angry gale that blows.
Unless a higher power befriend,
This night their hopes of life must end.

Yet, whether that superiour power
Shall execute the sovereign will,
By bidding, in this awful hour,
The ocean-stirring storm "be still;"
Or whether HE the wind and wave
Shall suffer angrily to rave;—

HUMANITY, with anxious mind,
Shall drag me from my own repose,
To weep, in pity for mankind—
To share, if not relieve, their woes;
For sympathy, at once, endears,
Reproves, yet sheds its stream of tears.

And from this philanthropick spring
The tide of Feeling still shall flow;—
My heart to every victim cling
And bleed with it, at every blow;—
For every blow *Oppression* deals,
The sympathising spirit feels.

Be it then mine, at my fire-side,
Whilst I await my evening meal,
To shed the tear I cannot hide,
And with the suffering world to feel;
For lo! the unpitying tempest knocks
All shelterless, the herds and flocks!

READING.

I LOVE to hear a piece so read
That we, at every word that's said,
  May know the reader feels it;
One who our whole attention gains,
Not by a multitude of pains,
  But rather 'cause he steals it.

Not to himself, but to his book,
Such reader rivets every look,
  At least the intellectual;—
The orator's or poet's pen
Strikes then our hearts, and only then,
  Makes every stroke effectual.

Without such reading, Gibbon, Hume,
And Robertson, in vain, presume
  To please with style all studded;
Milton and Akenside, in vain,
Pour out their heaven imagined strain,
  With strong effulgence flooded.

By quick rebound, still glowing hot,
We catch the rapture-sparkling thought
  And set it in the bosom;
There, treasured, every splendid gem,
Which shone conspicuously in them,
  We need not fear to lose 'em.

For, should the recollection fail,
Whene'er we please, we may regale
Our fancy with a lecture;
Thus whilst their volumes throng our
We claim the authors to ourselves
By more than mere conjecture.

But oh! how disagreeable
To hear *him* read, who has to spell
Each word that he pronounces;
The sturdy muleteer, just so,
To make his clumsy creature go,
The jade, with cudgel, trounces.

Some have a habit so perverse,
As, at the start, to look as fierce
As some Virginian racer;
When, in performance, grown less sto
The Flying Childers lo! turns out
Like my aunt Rachel's pacer.

Some o'er the page so softly creep
As makes us think them half asleep,
Or fall, ourselves, to dozing;
Rhyme or not rhyme, their course the
O'er the smooth surface of the lake,
No ripple interposing.

Contrariwise some readers err,
Whose tongues are never known to st
But off at once they gallop;

Disdaining e'er to look behind,
They drive along, before the wind,
  Like water in a wallop.

With misplaced emphasis, behold,
How badly oft a tale is told,
  And desperately mangled;
The eloquence of Fox or Pitt,
And Sheridan's or Shakespear's wit,
  Are, by such means, new fangled.

With these I leave the author's track
And turn, sometimes, in jest, my back
  Upon his murdered meaning;
How pleasant then, by way of quiz,
To watch the reader's emphasis,
  On prepositions leaning.

Lo! how significantly come
In heavy pomp *the, to, and, from,*
  With all their little cronies;—
Thus drawn out in a cavalcade,
Quixottic knights make queer parade,
  All mounted upon ponies.

If dull monotonists invade
My sense of hearing, quite dismayed
  I rue the dire disaster;
When such kind entertainers read
E'en Cowper's Task's a task indeed—
  Not Hercules's vaster.

The solemn whine, the cant, the drawl
Remind me of the hearse and pall,
And mournful coffin bearers;
But when I catch the nasal twang,
The measured pause, and ding-dong clang,
I join the astonished starers.

Whatever 'tis Sulpucius reads
He takes but half the breath he needs,
By which it often follows,
That into twain he cuts a word,
So, that one half alone is heard,
And t'other half—he swallows.

Thus bachelors who will not wive
From hand to mouth some how contrive
To save a wife's expenses;
Although experience proves that those
Pay more than others through the nose,
In all the modes and tenses.

Over and over Curio chaws
The word that never leaves his jaws,
Till it be stale and hapless;
Tobacco-chewers, thus, forsooth,
Grind up their quid from tooth to tooth,
Till it be wholly sapless.

Decius, who loves to travel fast,
Inhales Eolus like a blast
To reach through half a chapter,

Then spurning every stop and stage
He rattles, down hill, through the page
As if in perfect rapture.—

With the same proclamation cant
Grillus pursues his changeless rant,
Like a loud mouthing actor,—
And, let the theme be what it will,
No one could with superiour skill
Be any how exacter.

For, be the matter grave or gay,
Grillus still drives the beaten way
Disposing every mood ill—
One set of gears he claps on each,
Whether John Gilpin, Chatham's speech,
Night Thoughts or Yankee doodle.

Here ends our sketch. 'Twould be too long
Were we to swell it with the throng
Of stammerers and lispers;
Nor is it worth the poet's while
To tell, in this familiar style,
Who stutters, grunts, or whispers.

HUMANITY.

Dedicated to Duncan M'Intosh, the delive
more than 2000 French people during the m
of St. Domingo.

Translated from the French of V. M. Gar

PRECEPTRESS of celestial birth!
Whose lessons oft the sons of earth
Insultingly deride,
Invoked by me, thy suppliant, deign
To animate my timorous strain
And my distrustful pencil guide.

Dressed in white robes, divinely bright,
A seraph's form bursts on the sight,
And dissipates the glooms;
At once the inspirer and the theme,
With lighted torch from Wisdom's beam,
HUMANITY my way illumes.

Dazzled by Glory's specious gloss,
Let Art her busts of bronze emboss
With many a *warrior's* name,
Who, armed against the human race,
And 'blazoning his own disgrace,
Mistakes the proper path to Fame.

* See Port Folio, vol. 1. p. 293.

Charmed with a different glory quite
My muse shall sketch, in tints of light,
Heroic worth complete;—
Whilst gladly Gallia's sons assist
A never-fading wreath to twist
Of colours bright and fragrance sweet.

On yonder shore where ocean's waves,
Responsive to the groans of slaves,
Murmured for ages past,
Where Afric's sons are slaves no more,
What means that horror-stiffening roar,
Loud sounding in the hurrying blast?

Now they are free, what drives that crowd,
With sword in hand and curses loud,
Amongst the heaps of dead?
High raging see! yon flames ascend,
Nor longer can *that* roof defend
The wretches who have thither fled.

What less than diabolick hate,
Can such foul vengeance instigate
'Gainst every sex and age?
Will in this all-tremendous hour
No mortal or immortal power
Stop the mad Ethiop's brutal rage?

Chaste witness of each giant crime
That filled up every pause of time,
In those tempestuous days,—

Daughter of Memory! must thy hand
Unveil the sorrows of that land
To consecrate thy HERO's praise?

There, on the blood-polluted stage,
Where CARNAGE, with unwearied rage
Acted through many a scene,
When crowds of victims, doomed to bleed
Stooped to the blow—with lightning speed
A single mortal stepped between.

Suspended by a flimsy thread
The sheathless falchion o'er his head,
Displays its gleaming edge;—
No threats impede; no fears appal;
HE only hears the sufferer's call,
And stands for each a ready pledge.—

That gold which, in yon isle of glooms,
Peopled, in other days, the tombs
Which yawned their prey to catch,
Now, sent on errands by the wise,
Lo! with an angel's swiftness flies
To save the hope-deserted wretch.

Here, purchased at a liberal price,
Behold the threatened sacrifice
Safe ransomed from the block;
Redeemed from homicidal arms
There, see fair Beauty's softer charms
Rescued from many a ruffian shock.

THEE, who could'st turn aside the blow,
(When aimed by the ferocious foe)
With spirit so benign,
Angel of Peace! we own thee sent,
M'INTOSH *the benevolent!*
By Providence's care divine.

O M'Intosh! in language loud,
Whilst thy example bids the crowd
Copy what they behold,
Long, in our breasts, may that same fire
Which burns so bright in thee, inspire,
Hearts, now indeed no longer cold.

HUMANITY! to mortals dear,
If incense may detain thee here,
Thy altar long shall smoke;—
A wreath, not earned by deeds of death
Adorns thy hero's brows—a wreath
Of laurel, mixed with civic oak!

How evanescent is the fame
Of those who, with destructive aim,
Pursue Atrides' path!
Disgust and horror never fail
O'er every feeling to prevail
In sight of all their works of wrath.

Yes! it is transient as the spark
Which being whirled about the dark
Is made to disappear;—

Or, as the bullet, when it quits
The life-destroying tube, and splits
  The scarce resisting atmosphere,

But fear not thou, distinguished Scot,
Whose rare and most peculiar lot
  Has, since thy life began,
Been above Envy's reach to shine
And, with benevolent design,
  Befriend the family of man—

Think not thy glories e'er shall wane
Whilst Antoninus's remain;
  For, children, ages hence,
Shall, with thy honoured name, be told
The proper use of life and gold
  Is to display benevolence.—

CHRISTMAS EVE.

LONG pent in his sequestered nook
The Range Recluse, with cautious eye,
Ventures abroad for once to look
At things as they are passing by.

Once more the annual axle turns
The face of summer from our hills,
And winter, like a churl, inurns,
In ice-bound tubes the silent rills.

In doors and out there's scarce a hole,
In which the glove-disdaining hand
Of winter don't usurp control,
And show his sternness of command.

Ungentle power! hadst thou restrained
Thy influence to an out-door range,
The moral muse had ne'er complained;
Nor thought thy despotism so strange.

n welcome might each hill and dale,
The naked groves and lonely bowers,
ith melancholy moan, bewail
The gloom of winter's dreary hours.

r would she murmur to behold
The frosty ridges of the steep,
the *benumbing* hand of cold,
cked in the shining bands of sleep;

For vegetative life again
Shall at the powerful call of spring,
Velvet the modest-bosomed plain
And round yon hills her fringes fling.

And from each icicle and flake,
In which the tear is now congealed,
The weeping prisoner soon shall break,
And glide, as erst, across the field.

But ah! that *blood* which has been shed
Through many an agonizing pore,
(Unhallowed substitute for bread!)
Shall bound with sportive life no more.

Strange! that each sausage and mince pie,
That constitutes our Christmas cheer,
Should doom some suffering wretch to die,
To celebrate the expiring year!

Geese, turkeys, hogs—all sorts of game,
In hecatombs are hourly slain,
Loud publishing, with groans, the shame
Of those who live by—giving pain.

The day (behold a paradox)
On which the prince of Peace was born,
Bestows, by way of Christmas-box,
An annual wreath of "platted thorn!"

Man's ingenuity contrives
To shine by new invented guilt;
Else on this day the blood and lives
Of innocents would ne'er be spilt.

The common feuds of other times
The malice of his heart might glut—
One day, at least be freed from crimes,
And leave the *Fane of Janus* shut.

But all heav'n's blessings we abuse,
And like a pendulum or spring
To vibrate further on, we chuse
To aid our efforts with a swing.

Thus into evil launched, we plunge
In due proportion to our height,
And, with distorted aim, expunge
The brightest blaze of moral light!

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

FAR from the rapid stir of men
Where Folly's cataracts dash along,
What theme solicits now the pen
To pour the flow of grateful song?
Once more, my lyre, I long to fling
My hand across thy tightened string.

Nor be thou, lyre! whilst thus I thrum,
With eager hand the elastic thread,
O be not, sweet companion, dumb,
Nor be thy nerves to feeling dead:
Thy silence would renew the tear
Which drops upon—the expiring year.

The year, now closing, erst I hailed
When it was beautiful and young,
And, whilst each season's change I wailed,
Spontaneously the numbers sprung:
But now I mourn its final stage,
Its hoary garb, its frost of age.

The countenance of spring was blythe
When many a flowret decked the plain;
But soon they sunk before the scythe,
And withered, ne'er to bloom again.
On April's lap their balmy breath
Was stifled in the folds of death.

Next, summer glowed with virile heat,
And strength and grace were mingling seen,
To wait upon her vagrant feet,
And pay due homage to their queen;
Till harvest stopped her glad career
And gathered in the fallen ear.

Then autumn, in her russet robe,
Upon our fields and lawns appeared,
And with her spicy breath, the globe
Through its extensive regions cheered:
When, from the north loud Boreas came,
And dimmed the lustre of her flame.

For, winter's griping hand, behold!
On autumn's gasping bosom laid,
Stiffens the flow of life, with cold,
And strips the leaves from every blade:
Whilst many a valley, hill and slope
With sorrow pine—bereft of hope.

And must each rural child, in vain,
For renovated joyance sigh,
Explore, in vain, the vacant plain
For some faint warmth from yonder sky?
And must the babbling of the rill,
Awe-struck, henceforth be ever still?

Nor longer shall the forest breathe
The enlivening spirit of the day,
As if the sun would ne'er unsheathe
His vapour-intercepted ray?
And shall the sullen wintry blast
Ne'er cease his furies, round to cast?

Yes! phenix-like, the worn out year
Shall be renewed with vernal charms;
For *Flora's* train shall soon appear
To decorate our groves and farms;
And warmer beams shall bid the snow
Once more permit the floods to flow.

And *Ceres* too, ere long, shall dance
The blossom-spangled lawn along,
Call forth the rapture-sparkling glance,
And wake the reaper's grateful song;
For harvest-home again shall cheer
The farmer with the *golden* ear.

Pomona, with distended lap,
Shall follow, with her merry band,
And give her rich nectarean sap,
Drained from the fruitage of the land;
And many a bulb, and root, and pod
Shall swell and burst the garden sod.

Thus in an interlapsing round
The seasons oft shall go and come,
And, with perennial blessings crowned,
Strike every tongue of murmur dumb:—
For Providence delights to cheer
Man with the bounties of the year.

And shall not *we* whose steps advance
Through youth and manhood to old age,
Like Moses send a Pisgah-glance,
Ere we o'erstep this mortal stage—
Lest life, of which we are so fond,
Expire and leave all blank beyond?

[redacted]licitous inquirer, know,
That when *thy year's* dark clouds are past,
One round of joys to thee shall flow
And like the circling seasons last:
Provided thou, with zeal, shall join
To Nature's love of order, thine.

For, if from life's vicissitudes
Instruction's lessons thou shalt glean,
The sprigs that sprout from wisdom's buds
Shall on thy wintry brow be seen:
And after death upon thy tomb, [bloom.
The wreath's ne'er cloying sweets shall

Yes! when thou shalt have sunk beneath
The pressure of the foot of Time,
The honours of thy hallowed wreath
Shall flourish in immortal prime:
And in thy path eternal spring
The rose-leaves of delight shall fling.

Let then each face, this day assume
A smile to welcome in the year,
And from December's wintry gloom
Dispel the sigh and wipe the tear:
So shall the joys of life be found
To circulate the whole year round.

ODE—ADDRESSED TO GEORGE WASHINGTON, *President of the United States,*

High
Above
The broad base
Of vulgar dust,
Washington descry
Raised by a people's love,
In whose fatherly embrace
Is closely lodged a nation's trust.
Point of that great Pyramid, whose height
Renders conspicuous every act of thine

EPISTLES.

ARGUMENT.

[Introductory apology Journal begins. Sea paintin
Description of morning Sunrise. Noon. A cal
Midnight stillness. Moonlight scenery. Hope in
ked to relieve the mind from the pain of *pres*
suspense, by a picture of the *future:* Memory
plied to, to fill the mind with images of the *pa*
The superstitions left behind in Spain glanced
England noticed—pleasures of domestic life *th*
applauded. Playful justification of the writer's *ta*
on Burke's principles of the sublime and beautif
A moralizing strain run into. Recurrence to sh
board. Conclusion, being a friendly satire up
English prejudices, in which the dignity and wo
of the American character are maintained by a f
comparison with British manners and genius.]

TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND,

Written at sea, long. 44′ 54″ lat. 38′ 51′′

WITH wanton kiss the inconstant gale
Once more salutes the pregnant sail;
Once more the crew rejoice to find
The shore of Europe far behind;
While Betsy * briskly skips along,
Varying the cadence of the song,
And I (how habits grow!) renew
The *Stepney* lay,† to FRIENDSHIP due.
To FRIENDSHIP? Ah! and can there be
That *balm of comfort* left for me?
Me, hapless boy! who many a year
Have shed the unavailing tear,
Which fond Affection loves to shed
To XETIS dear—ten winters dead?
Me, whom inconstant ones—unkind
To the warm feelings of the mind—
Have prompted, sorrowing, to exclaim,
"Friendship is but an empty name!"

Excuse the doubt: the charm *yet* lives,
And to this heart fresh impulse gives,

* The brig Eliza.

† All children born at sea have their settlement in tepney parish. Quere, are not these brats of mine ntitled to the same provision?

Vibrates on Feeling's tenderest strings,
Fledges discursive Fancy's wings,
Wakes to new sensibility,
And points the missile lay to *thee*;—
Thee who with partial eye shalt brave
The terrors of the Atlantic wave,
And sympathetically share
My pains and perils—far from WARE.

This fond persuasion prompts the strain
Which else were far less rude than *vain*,
And from a timid numbness frees
This hand that nimbly moves to please.
And well for me no critick-rage
Shall glut itself upon this page;
For I'm aware, and freely own,
Although somewhat to rhyming prone,
There's not one trait in all these features
Peculiar to poetic creatures;
Nor e'er did I, as 'prentice, pop
This head into the muses' shop;
Nor ever—but I need not tell
What thou must know "most passing well."
Receive—(as friend, not critick)—then
The effusions of a clumsy pen
That roughly jags the line along,
To scratch for thee the journal song,
Which cannot boast of art or grace,
In merely marking time and place.

To say I've tumbled out of Spain,
And now am rolling on the main,
Is much the same, we must agree,
Whether in prose or poetry;
For, with due deference to the folk
That rhyme, a joke is still a joke,
Truth not less truth, and falsehoods, lies,
In spite of poesy's disguise.

To tell my tale and nothing more,
Our longitude is forty-four,
Far, far from land! the ship close hauled,*
And every heart with grief appalled.
In want of water,—short of meat,
Our meals afford a sullen treat;
No grog to gladden grim Dismay,
And *one* lank biscuit serves the day.

By nature dull, and *now* more dull,
Poor rogues, with half a belly-full,
My comrades, all their patience spent,
Brood o'er the spawn of Discontent,
And with an anti-christian mien,
Vexed! chew the bitter cud of Spleen.
To sensual habits long confined
Without a prop to stay the mind,
Their's is a melancholy case
Now hunger stares them in the face.

* A ship is said to be close hauled, when sailing by the wind; a pretty good proof that the wind is ahead.

And *mine*, thou'lt ask, can mine be less,
Amidst such complicate distress?
Alas! my friend, I dare not boast
Of, what indeed I covet most,
A will resigned—a patient heart,—
A hope to act the CHRISTIAN'S part,—
Yet truly I may own I feel
A grateful heart at every meal,
That gives our slim repast a *gout*
Which thankless mortals never knew.
Besides we have,—but not to waste,—
Junk *yet* to smell, bread *yet* to taste;
And though our water wanes away,
We *have* a pittance every day.
Why then *despair?* 'Tis GOD who gives
That food by which the creature lives,
And if he takes away the same,
Still blessed be his holy name.
But *why* despair? The GOD I seek
Can make my biscuit last a week,
The cistern of the sky unplug,
And fill with rain our daily jug;
Or in a moment, if he please,
Raise up, for us, the prosperous breeze.

While thus I lean on Hope robust,
And clad in faith and patience, *trust*,
I'd fain these irksome hours beguile
By giving Grief the slip awhile;

Forsake, for this, our scanty fare,
On Fancy's racer ride to Ware;
Or send MAB'S* pair and whirli-*Gig*
To fetch my friend on board the brig,
Where, though we may not dine nor sup,
We'll have a sentimental *cup*.

In our poor bark, 'midst our dull crew,
Thou must expect but little new;
For the rough seaman's daily log,
Of winds, tobacco, girls, and grog,
Varies but little, pleases less,
However art may trim the dress.
Yet, though from conversation lost,
Drenched to the skin, and tempest tost,
Thy half-starved friend has other hopes
Than to amuse with spars and ropes.
'Tis true, five hundred leagues from land
Leave us few comforts at command;
But those we have are so serene,
As give some polish to the scene.

With timid step and modest grace,
Here MORNING shows her blushing face

* Her chariot is an empty hazle-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach makers.
Her waggon spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers:
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moon shine's watry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bones; the lash of film, &c.

Else WAR, else COMMERCE ne'er had hurled
Destruction to a distant world;
Nor bloody CARNAGE fixed her home
On this pale, palpitating foam;
Nor Britain's boast,* nor Europe's scourge,†
Its legions piled beneath the surge.

How *still* the midnight watch! no sound
Disturbs the calm horizon round;
Save the soft sighing of the gale
Fanning the bosom of the sail
That, fluttering, shrinks, yet yields;—and save
Eliza's footsteps on the wave.
This floor, inlaid with many a stud
That links its shank, far in the flood,
Throws back upon the dazzled eye
The brilliant stucco of the sky.
Nor does the plump-faced moon withhold
Her robe of many a shining fold,
To deck yon liquid plain that gleams,
Like Night's wan queen, in *borrowed* beams,—
Beams which ingenuously betray
Their distant source—the solar ray!
Ah! ere we reach Columbia's shore,
This *imagery* shall charm no more;
This transient *midnight-colouring* fade,
And ocean roll his waves in *shade!*
Soon her hot rival will dispel
The *pale rouge* from yon painted Belle—

* Her Navy. † Ambition.

And see! his task the jealous Sun
(His monthly labour) has begun:
No idler he! in haste he twirls
His golden REEL in flaming whirls,
Eager as rapid in his flight,
To unwind that flimsy ball of light!
Yet let it shine; nor antedate
O foolish man! thy darksome state.
Long as it lasts enjoy the beam,
Nor of thy future sorrows dream.
Wherefore reject the *present good?*
Why check the voice of Gratitude?
The moon, 'tis true, is in the wane,
But soon that orb shall fill again.

—HOPE, rather, with an angel's pace
Shall lead me on through time and space,
Unlock at eve the pearls of morn,
Pluck Pleasure's rose—without its thorn,
Outstrip the lagging feet of Care,
And mock the wild flight of Despair.
Come! soother of the anxious breast!
Compose this storm-tost soul to rest;
Anoint these languid lids of mine;—
O bid the misty Future shine;
Regret's tormenting spell beguile,
And make the lip of Sadness smile.
Hope, re-*creative* power, for me,
Smooths the rough ridges of the sea,

Wafts on a breath our bark to land,
Ensures success to my command,
Then bounding o'er the Atlantick main,
Presents me to my friends again.
Delusive dream! five thousand miles
Divide me from their wonted smiles;
And Hope *deferred*,* the long-foiled dart
Sinks deeplier in the drooping heart.
Yes! HOPE thy energy is vain
To lessen absence, or its pain;—
Else the parched Caffre on a *Thought*
Might flee the horrors of a drought,
And Laplanders, in grots of snow,
Enjoy fantastick Summer's glow.†
And what the *past*? Can MEMORY's power
Call back for me the exhausted hour,
Re-gem with light surrounding gloom,
And bid life's faded roses bloom?
Ambiguous nymph! thy fairy skill
Can turn the IDEAL flood at will,

* Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. *Solomon.*

† Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December's snow,
By thinking on fantastick Summer's heat?
Oh, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse. *Richard.*

And govern with thy spur and rein,
The freaks of pleasure and of pain.
Thine is the retrospective gaze
O'er life's back-ground, a chequered maze!
Thine too, when Recollection burns,
To make us weep and laugh by turns;
And *thine* on *present* shades to cast
The rainbow-colours of the *past*.
And what stern law *this balm* forbids
From soothing Sorrow's aching lids?
What ruffian hand *the fount* would shut
That cheers the friendless wretch's hut?
Avaunt, Morality *austere!*
Who lov'st to draw the *needless* tear,
The sigh, the fruitless sigh extort,
And Innocency's feelings thwart.
Thy mole-eyed wisdom sanctions well
The rigours of the ASCETIC cell,
Where Discipline's self-goading thong
Inspires the cacophonic song,
And, on a dank and cheerless air,
Lifts up the heavy midnight prayer.
WE, with less contumacious mind,
Will cast a casual glance behind;
Turn, while our hearts fruition reap,
And smile with gratitude—or weep:—
So careful husbandmen are seen
To reap their fields, and, reaping, glean.

From Spain I turn. From Spain that swarms
With SUPERSTITION'S ghastly forms,—

Rude forms which, in Religion's name,
Idolatry alone could frame:
These eyes, that weep, have seen those *rites*
Contrived by priestcraft's proselytes—
Rites forged in hell, by fraud designed
And *riveted* upon the mind!
From Spain I turn. Oblivion's queen
Shall throw her shadow o'er the scene;
Nor shall Remembrance fill this brain
With those fantastick groups again.
From Spain I go: but, tangent-wise,
Thy friend from southern Europe flies;
To Ocean's mistress, Britain's Isle,
Well pleased to *linger there* awhile.
O! might I linger out my days
Where oft my fancy loves to gaze!
Where dwell remote, so dear to me,
Friendship, and Law, and Liberty!
At least Delusion, which so oft
Has made my tear-soaked pillow soft,
Robbed me of many a wakeful hour,
And decked my dreams with many a flower—
(Flowers from fair FANCY's bowery culled
Sweeter than Reason ever pulled!)
Yes! dear Delusion still shall cheat,
And beckon me to Goswell street,
And with my valued friends renew
The festive joys at number TWO.
Thus jogging on our hackneys—Fancy—
(*Behind* thee, pr'ythee, bring up Nancy,

Unless, like we, to rambling prone,
She keep a palfry of her own—)
We'll sometimes meet in *Cockneighshire*,
And bait on uncle Jemmy's cheer;
Or, press'd by Anna, stay and dine,
And take a glass of *Ginger* wine.

Perhaps at dusk Philemon may
Call in, in his accustomed way,
Beget an argument or two,
And quote some lines, as many do;—
But not like some, to show what knowledge
Can issue piping hot from College,
Or such as think pedantick clack, worth
More than the plain good sense of Ackworth:
Phil rather likes, I think, to cite
The best of what good authors write,
And merely then to elucidate
The very question in debate,
Or back with their opinions *his*,—
Which ends my long parenthesis.

Perchance friend Charles may come, and who else
Can be more prized? Who add more jewels
To Conversation's stock? Betray
Good sense in a more artless way?
Or show a better choice of reading,
Such upright thoughts, or prettier breeding?
Some other neighbours, too, may stop,
Let some shrewd observation drop,
Impart the news, the fire stir up,
Or sans façon remain to sup.

Ah! what are Fashion's boobies at,
To miss these charms of social chat,
The smiles of Love, the friendly dish,
Seasoned with every one's best wish?—
Fools! who might pass their days with ease,
Well pleased, if willing *so* to please.

Believe one who has spent much time,
In running on from clime to clime,
In search of what he cannot find—
One perfectly contented mind;—
The world, if an *exterior* bliss
Is what we may *expect* in this,
The world, in all its spacious round,
Has no such pleasure to be found,
As mine, my friend, if I might be
Restored to your snug *Coterie*.
Perhaps I err. 'Tis said that Taste
Will loath what once it had embraced,
And mortals, gorged, abroad will range
For joys which only please by—*change*.
But Burke the matter has defined,
And marked a standard for the mind,
An UNIVERSAL TASTE, which proves
That what *one* loves *another* loves,
And shews, in logic clear as day,
That *what* one loves, one *always* may.
For since (to chip Burke's scheme to chime)
From PAIN alone flows all *sublime*,
And *Beauty* must from PLEASURE spring,
TASTE cannot be a fickle thing.
Ergo, all men are pleased, forsooth,
With what is *bright, fresh*, sweet, soft, smooth,

And shun (like sheep in the same track)
The *rough, harsh, bitter, stale,* and *black;*
[For these fixed marks, *when found,* will strike,
And make all like, or else dislike;
And Taste, of true *magnetick* worth,
Will still be pointing towards its *North,*—
Or rather like our hearts, more true,
Ne'er vary from its number TWO,—
And shun (mark the sublime, pray) shun
The selfishness of number ONE.—]
And therefore I, whose love is chaste
And modelled by the plumb-line Taste,
(Since MORALS are beyond dispute
ART's sister-branch at Beauty's root)
Shall ever be attached to thee,
Thy friends, and thy dear family,
That *little circle,* lovely train!
Kind, cheerful, tender, mild and *plain.*

What says my friend?—that I misquote
The laws which your Longinus wrote?
If so, I pr'ythee turn to Burke,
And read, "for thou canst read," his work.
Wilt thou not rather say, how dull
The subject grows, though *Beautiful?*
Less sanguine, wilt thou say that I
Those charms am apt to magnify,
Perhaps create, by distance blind,
Which thou so near them canst not find?

—Ah! my dear Joseph may, I know,
There feel the withering touch of woe;
Because, perhaps, inactive life
Denies the blessing of—a wife;
Cramps his exertions; or, perhaps—
But happiness has hydra-gaps
Which my PERHAPSES cannot stop,
And so I let the trowel drop,
Owning that causes without end,
May mar the comforts of my friend.
Nor his alone—each age and sex
Has bosom sorrows to perplex:
E'en murmuring I my state deplore,
And midst some blessings sigh for more.
And *who* is so exempt from pain,
As never, *never* to complain?
Where do we find no tracks of woe?
No breast that throbs, no tears that flow?
In every town—in every street,
Mourners, afflicted mourners meet;
And PAIN delights his traits to trace,
With burning brand in every face.
Nay! if that man were ever known,
Who had no troubles of his own,
Supreme in wretchedness were he,
The child of Infelicity,—
A monstrous thing of spurious birth,
No fit inhabitant of earth.*

* If ye be without chastisement, &c. Heb. xii.

Why then, O why complains my friend?
This blast of life must shortly end!
This crazy shell, this fibrous crust,
Soon crack and crumble into dust.
Then shall the ethereal tenant claim
A mansion of less fragile frame,
And like our brother moth, the mind
Shall leave its name and filth behind.
Then let us for THE *moment* steer
'Twixt fev'rish Hope and aguish Fear,
(Youth's *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, rife
With dangers in the straits of life;)
Give Fancy's tools up; cease to gild
Those airy castles which we build;
Leave things behind; eye Virtue's goal,
And watch the bias of the soul.
The *now*, the important *now* alone,
We men of clay can call our own;
And IT, alas! however spent,
Is but a *loan*, and merely lent
For his own use, behoof, and praise,
Whose goodness lengthens it to days.

Rhyme, see! has made a *serious* slip,
And brought me back on board the ship,
Where my gross senses, at a stroke,
IMAGINATION'S spell have broke,
Knocked *all abroad** my little wits,
And thrown poor Musey into fits.

* "To fall abroad" is a phrase peculiar to the west of *England*. It signifies to *scatter*, spill, or fall down.

Well! since 'tis so, do thou repair,
To feast on fatted ducks at Ware,
(Of which, from Fancy, I would beg
The favour of a wing or leg,
But she, no Epicure herself,
Would not indulge a *sensual* elf—)
Whilst I, with stomach keen, poor man!
Must get my dinner how I can,
On slip's provisions, not so fat,
Coarse grub! and not enough of that!

Farewell! thy friend to all our friends
Warm wishes for their welfare sends,
And trusts (dear me! what pleasure 'tis!)
That he possesses theirs for *his*.
Tell them how earnestly he prays
To spend with them some future days;
So much he loves (methinks they smile)
Great-Britain's charming *little* isle.
Some one, like thy dear uncle James,
Who (entre nous) on hobby themes
Ride into errour's slough so plump,—
That is—praise England *in the lump*,
And from the judgment-saddle, glance
On *alien* worth the invective lance,—
They, now, may think the *Buckskin*-loon
Has wonderfully changed his tune,
And blindly praise old England's glory
For making such a whig a tory.
But tell them,—though he used to joke
About *their freedom* and a yoke;

Allude to things so apt to warp, as
Namely, the *right* of *Habeas Corpus*;†
Make odd *comparisons*, at times,
'Twixt penal punishments—and crimes;
Contrast the sessions of Old Bailey
With slaughter-houses, garnished daily;
Or intimate that *somewhere else*
Humanity at rigour melts;
Confess how loyal *he*‡ must think 'em,
Who spends on girls—their nation's income;
Hint that their *beef*, though very good,
Was not, to him, quite novel food;
Or slily, when he drank their *beer*,
Ask what had made the malt so dear?—
Tell them, he meant no harm by this
And hopes they took it not amiss;—
'Twas natural to be not blind,
And, sometimes, cast a look behind.

Discriminating still, he dares
Compare his native land with theirs,
And, spite of prejudice and whim,
Trace *kindred traits* in every limb,
So striking, Vanity alone
(He thinks) would venture to disown.
The slave to Prejudice *will* judge;
Nor from his own dear notions budge,

† This is an allusion to the suspension of that boasted privilege, by an act of parliament then recently passed.

‡ *The present Prince* of Wales.

Though naked Reason should oppose
Rank confutation to his nose.

Their friend, in his opinion, steers
With caution when a doubt appears;
But when there is none, wherefore stint
The flight of Truth, and curb the hint?
For homespun *bias* then, take off
Some scruples which we might call *clough*,
And, fairly weighed in judgment's scales,
These rival realms,—prodigious bales!
To eyes, impartial eyes, 'twill seem,
That neither of them kicks the beam.

What would ye more? Have I denied
Our countries' equal shares of *pride*?
Of Luxury, whose wild excess
Displays its many-coloured dress?
Both the same valour when pursued?
The same steel-tempered Fortitude?
Knowledge in science and in arms?
In laws? in arts? in social charms?
In either, said, the heroes' line
Is not, what History paints it, fine?
If e'er I spoke of *Hamilton*,
Of *Adams*, *Rush*, or *Jefferson*;
Or mentioned with delight the names
Of Washington, our King, or Ames;
Did I, by doing so, declare
That Erskine's talents are not rare?

Deny the *learning* of Horne Tooke?
Lettsom dispraise? or Reeves o'erlook?
Or could it be wire drawn, to wit
'Gainst George, *your* king, or Burke, or Pitt?
Do me more justice. Pindar's rhyme
Has made us merry many a time,
And e'en *Josiah* will allow
I laughed as loud as he or thou.
Indeed I were an *envious* CALF,
To lose the jest, restrain the laugh,
Or show my hatred by a sneer,
BECAUSE he lives in Devonshire.*

Have I once uttered the untruth,
That Pope is harsh, or Young uncouth?
That Seward's cadence, Cowper's line,
Nay Darwin's burnished phrase, not fine?
Do I warm Feeling's tear refuse
To Charlotte's heart-bewitching muse?
Repel the homage which inspire
Merry's bold harp and Cosway's lyre?
No! colder criticks may disown
The genial flow, the impassioned tone,
And, stilted on the mounds of TASTE,
Lay Della Crusca's glory waste;—
I, less correct, must blundering stray
Through all the mazes of his lay;

* This is an allusion to the clotted cream so famous in that county.

At every step, where'er I turn,
Feel the wild-fire of pathos burn;
Bow to the power that strikes my heart,
Gives the fierce throb, the gush, the start—
Thrills, when in rippling accents flow
Pity's bland notes, or Grief's faint glow;
Or moves, when in more pensive strains,
Love, disappointed love, complains:
Yet treason never passed these lips
Against the CHIEF† whose language trips
The heels of praise, that, gasping, falls,
And at respectful distance bawls.
Nor have I thought the heaven-born mind
Of Genius (cobwebbed!) was confined
To Avon's brook and your big Thames,
Though swollen with their freight of names.

Have Britons candour? Turn thine eye
To regions of a clearer sky:—
Yon western world, to them unknown,
Has Popes and Drydens of its own.
How prejudice maintains its place,
And cuts its nose to spite its face!
How strange that I should give the news,
That Yankees claim a polished muse;
And to my English friends proclaim
An Hopkinson's, a Barlow's name,—
Trumpet forth Humphrey's, Trumbull's prai
Spread the renown of ALSOP's lays;

† Shakespeare.

Bid Cooper's strains float on the gale,
And HORNOR's rising glory hail;
Or name a Smith, a Paine, a Dwight,
To prove that we can read and write.
Philenia too, in sylvan bowers,
Has vainly reared poetick flowers,
If only British lungs can breathe
Fame's sparkling halo round her wreath.
Let Candour judge, not Prejudice,
Our countries' merit as it is,
And she, without offence to thine,
Will yield, *perhaps*, the palm to mine.
Is this too much? a poor perhaps?—
—But softly! these are cutting slaps
To breasts like ours, that not less feel
The pointed feather than the steel.

To make at once my patriot-friends
For these rude rubs complete amends,
I give them all a kind—ADIEU,
Remaining in my friendship, *true*,
And (to wind up with my best line)
With warm affection theirs and thine.

EPISTLE TO ELIZA,

On a visit to Philadelphia, for the benefit of her h

Daughter of Eve!—*if not too late*—
Turn from yon nicely gilded bait,
Which on the waves of Pleasure's sea,
Is trolling up and down for thee!
O Novelty! how full of bane
Is thy forever crowded fane,
Throughout whose courts, in every nook
Thou spread'st the snare and hid'st the hoo
To catch thy victims whom, like Eve,
Thy guileful stratagems deceive.

Unmindful of these dangerous wiles,
At my alarm Eliza smiles,
And wonders why the bard should be
More tremulous of harm than she.
Surrounded by her new-made friends,
Her flying hours, with glee, she spends;
Caressing and caressed, behold!
Enjoyments creep in every fold;
And in each varying scene, delight
Attends her steps from morn till night;
"Then how," she asks with triumph, "how
"*Can* fears of danger reach me now?

"Away, away with thoughts like these,—
"I'm willing to be pleased and please;
"And, whilst I am a favourite guest,
"Suspicion shall not haunt my breast;
"Nor shall I, in a fit of spleen,
"Turn from the rapture-shifting scene."

When to Ogygia's sea-washed shore,
The winds that youthful hero bore,
Whose filial love has stuck his name,
High-labelled on the trunk of fame,
Can we not see, (or are we blind?)
How well the fable is designed
To *prove* his virtue? Every art
Calypso tried to win his heart,
And, but for Mentor, he had staid
A captive with his love-sick maid.
Alas! a harder trial thou,
Eliza, art exposed to now.
For, on the pinions of gay Hope,
Of late, thou gavest thy wishes scope,
Eager to breathe the city air,
And, in a twinkling, thou art there.
Twenty Calypsoes lo! at least,
Prepare the palate-tickling feast,
And, round the nerve-enfeebling urn,
Long, twice a day convened, sojourn;
As many Graces next, or more,
And muses too, perhaps a score,

(For, sure, to take in thy fair cousins
We can't do else than count by dozens)
Are at this moment in thy train
Alert with fumes to turn thy brain.
Besides it naturally follows,
That Parises and smart Apolloes
Make up your number (I suppose)
Like buttons by the groce, of beaux,
Who at your raked elbows wait
Ready to lead you to your fate.
This is thy perilous career,
Abroad, and ah! no Mentor near.

See what I risque!—
But thou, dear girl,
Know'st well that I am not a churl;
Nor so demure as not to wink
At many a thing which some would think
Of an unpardonable hue,
And with a rigid zeal pursue.
And well it is that I can feel
Some confidence in my appeal;
Else now, with thee, the course I shape
Might lead into an ugly scrape,
By fixing me upon the hooks
Out of (in other words) thy books.

[choc

"What," says dame Caution, "dost thou
"Eliza's friendship thus to lose?

"With such dry stuff forever tease
"As if determined not to please?
"For prudence sake, forbear, awhile,
"To burthen with thy serious style.
"Another time will do as well
"To tell her what thou hast to tell.
"Then, for the present, pr'ythee cease
"And let her visit pass in peace:
"Preach not till she return, nor prate."—
"Alas! it then may be too late!
"The acorn which produced yon oak
"Which now almost resists the stroke
"Of the pale lightning's rage, at first,
"The foot might readily have burst."
"And would'st thou," quoth miss Levity,
"So much of a barbarian be,
"As with maliciousness prepense
"(At open war with wit and sense)
"Without remorse, without a blush,
"Eliza's embryo joys to crush,
"Wistful her visit to abridge
"And drag her back to Locust Ridge?
"Bless me! young Mentor, 'tis the thing
"For her to have a few month's swing,
"In breathing Philadelphia air
"And learn how life is managed there."

"Gladly, dear Levity," says I,
"Would I promote her real joy;
"That is—(to have the thing defined—)
"Her lasting health and peace of mind.

"But—as I know her heart so well
"(If I the naked truth may tell)
"I feel a certain strange alarm
"That this same jaunt would do her harm."
"These feelings put me in a passion,"
Exclaimed the courteous Mrs. Fashion,
Who, passing by me, like a pest,
To spread her gangrene in the west,
By casualty my speech o'erheard
And undertook to prove I erred.
"Because thou livest a hermit's life,
"A poor odd thing without a wife,
"In celibacy doomed to fret
"And be for ever in a pet,
"Is that a reason other folks
"Should be like owls confined to oaks?
"Would it not be a thousand pities
"(Since there must needs be towns and cit
"For all mankind to live like mopes,
"Dead to those fashionable hopes,
"Which, in a christian intercourse,
"Give to our notions half their force,—
"Notions which in a constant tide
"Throughout the social system glide?"
"If down that tide,"—was my retort,
"Flowed notions of a worthier sort,
"From purity and candour streaming
"Of which the world is little dreaming,
"And which alas! so few imbibe,
"'Twere better for thy ape-led tribe."
"*Pshaw!*" hiccuped out a libertine,
Full of his tarapins and wine,

"I'll tell, I'll tell thee what it is—
"This is mere lingo, all a *quiz*.
"But let me ask one question now:
"Art thou not willing to avow
"That Philadelphia is improved
"Since Taste, with brush in hand removed
"Those maxims which we have been told,
"Were once so coarse and stiff of old,
"And introduced that *easy* style
"Which oozes through all grades like oil?"
"It is this very oil," I said,
"Of which I am in so much dread;
"For all the pores are so much greased
"That many a sentiment is squeezed
"*Rank* from the heart, which never ought
"To pass the boundaries of thought."

"What difference," squeaked a demoiselle,
Whose countenance I knew right well:
'Twas pale and lean, and every limb
Seemed a mere shade, 'twas worn so slim.
Her looks, undisciplined and wild,
Proved she was luxury's favourite child.
Her name is Dissipation. She
With terrible effrontery,
Which startled for a moment, asked [masked
"What odds there were 'twixt thought that's
"By silence, under her sheer veil,
"And thought expressed in broad detail?
"I hate hypocrisy and choose
"My native liberty to use

"In every thing I say or do."
So saying, off, at once, she flew,
As lithesome and as full of ease
As oziers pliant to the breeze—
Most evidently (to make use
Of her own idiom) rather *loose!*

If thou shouldst meet her in thy way—
But what Eliza need I say?
Alas! already thou hast seen
This nerve-relaxing elfin queen!

Farewell! Be wise. And let me add,
Whilst all things round thee make thee glad,
Remember in this western bourn
Thy home-lung friends that absence mourn
Which Hope endeavours to persuade
Shall not much longer be delayed.
Of these the last, not least am I
Who rate Eliza's friendship high—
In proof, let my long letters speak,
How much I *rate* it—once a week.

EPISTLE

TO THE SAME.

ear Betsy, thy friend could suppose,
in rhyme worth one letter in prose,
ıd checked this effusion, and staid
y two former scrawls I were paid.
ientious am I, in my dealing
ransmit a third budget from Wheeling,
ıt the *measure*, well packed, may effect
swop for the one I expect:
ry-produced, sold like corn by the heap,
ty superfine goods, not so cheap.
contrivance. And do not retort
y some trick of trade, of this sort,
kind of trash as I barter or vend,
ıe hands of thy Locust Ridge friend.
We all have our hobbies, and Rhyme
may ride without much of a crime;
my own, it be harmlessly dull,
great hazard of cracking one's skull.
nly thought, for we're constantly told,
ıus always is fiery and bold,—
is pranks, and so viciously brisk—
ıe can mount him except at a risque.
an error, I stoutly aver;
w I ride without snaffle or spur.
r! he now is grown old, and so broke,
uld be cruel to give him a stroke:

So, on he may jog, in the gait he likes best,
And just as the whims in his noddle suggest.

How pleasant it is, with the speed of a hawk,
For friends, wide a part, thus, to meet and to talk!
What act, less than magical, e'er could produce
Such happy effects from the wing of a goose?—
A phlegmatick creature, yet mark with what ease
On one of her feathers we sail where we please!

Now, since with the means of the post, and the [quill,
We, three times a week, may converse, if we will,
(And oftener than this, when at home, and next doc
We have not, Eliza, conversed heretofore)
Say, is it not foolish, Eliza, and vain,
For friends of the absence of friends to complain?
That 'tis not an evil, we all would confess,
If this thing called Selfishness governed us less;
For, if the good qualities which we discover
In those we are fond of—a friend or a lover—
Depart from our presence, we ought to be glad
That others enjoy what ourselves once had had:
And if our philanthropy, be but complete
We not only give up the converse, so sweet,
But e'en take delight in their distant sojourn,
And wish—almost wish they would never return.
Is this queer philosophy? Do not endeavour
To twist it to something that may not sound cleve
Thou need'st no assurances, surely, to prove
How much thy friends love thee, and always will l
But scrutinize nicely, and thou wilt perceive
A truth, which at first, thou could'st scarcely belie

'Tis this: that the pleasures of Friendship are such
As best are preserved by a delicate touch;—
And not only friendship, but every rich joy,
Unless tasted sparingly, always must cloy.
All pleasures are sweetmeats, and taste which thou wilt,
The gout, thou wilt find, is on abstinence built;
For, if in a pot of enjoyments we dive,
And gormandize freely, like drones in a hive,
Satiety follows, and, Taste, sore diseased,
To day, loathes the honey which yesterday pleased.
Hence epicures, libertines, all, that pursue
Delight, to excess, their own greediness rue.
This thou wilt admit; but wilt promptly reply,
These notions of mine may be carried too high;
For, though the coarse kinds of indulgences pall
Our relish for pleasure, 'tis not so with all.
Since some (thou allegest) like double refined
Of Friendship's *sweet sweets* never surfeit the mind.
Now, this my dear friend, is that vulgar opinion,
Which has, in all ages, maintained its dominion;
But which, when examined, must fall to the ground,
As hurtful to morals, absurd, and unsound.
A very strong instance, in point, now occurs,
To prove thy friend right, or to prove that he errs.
For twenty years, Petrarch, with love in his breast,
Lived like a lorn exile, a stranger to rest; [beguile,
For, nought but love's smiles could his anguish
And virtue, it seems, forbade Laura to smile.
Well! what is the sequel? The world, long amazed,
Supposed that the love-smitten Petrarch was crazed,

Who, like a poor poet, *penned* up at Vaucluse
Devoted his talents and time to the muse.
"Poor Petrarch, poor Petrarch!" forever resounds;
"How ardent thy passions! how deep were thy
"wounds"!
Whilst he, midst his sorrows, I shrewdly believe,
Had very good reason to laugh in his sleeve;
Since his perturbations, so frequent and keen,
Destroyed all those seedlings of languor and spleen,
Which dry up the feelings of life like a drain,
And make the heart callous to pleasure and pain.
Solicitude ever, for Laura, awake,
Found causes abundant to make his heart ache;
No breeze could pass by, nor occasion occur,
But he must needs think it quite fatal to her.
Behold, on the other hand, now, as his pains
Were thought to be losses, how great were his gains!
For, his sensibility made him suppose, [clothes,
The breeze, which had kissed but the hem of her
Came teeming with rapture, to fill every pore,
Which led to his love-smitten heart's burning core.
Now, if for a moment, we fancy him blest
With all, of which Laura could make him possest,—
Her heart and her hand,—it is plain to perceive,
That PETRARCH is lost when he ceases to grieve.
Nor is this the case with our Petrarch alone.
Ask, ask thy own bosom, if thou hast not known
The charms of long absence, that bliss of suspense
So greatly surpassing the pleasures of sense?

nd whence (to pursue my convictive appeals)
hence is that solicitude every one feels
n thy account, now, whilst thy delicate state
pels us to tremble with fears for thy fate?
ch fibre of feeling is agonised much,
nd every nerve bleeds, as it were, by a touch
quick apprehension, that from thy sojourn
ou never, Elizabeth! never return.
lied to this feeling, this bliss-streaming anguish
that, when an intimate friend, left to languish
sickness, at distance, all helplessly lies,
ithout a kind hand near to close his dim eyes.
agine this moment dear Caroline sick, [quick,
r throat stuffed with phlegm, and her pulse beating
help, but a fruitless solicitude, wild
ith terrour extreme for the fate of the child.
medical skill near, sufficient to save,
y darling from finding a premature grave;—
agine but this, and then fly to the post,
ascertain what thy whole heart has engrossed,
d trace, if thou can, ere thou open the seal,
e odds between what thy affection must feel,
d that calm indifference, that slumber of thought
hich might for thy niece care but little or nought.
et thou not perceive that the higher we rise,
mental perfection, the aim of the wise,
e less our sensations in idleness rust,
d mind, the more, leaves its incrassative dust?
y, are not these feelings, so chastely awake,
ese glowing affections so ready to ache,

These pangs of solicitude, are they not, pray,
Worth all that belongs to inanimate clay?
If not, it behoves us, with sedulous care,
To strip our whole minds, like cast carcases, bare,
Rasp down each emotion, and, fond of our shame,
Attempt to new-model man's wonderful frame.
Those people, believe me, know not what they mean,
Who ask for a life always calm and serene,
One dull uniformity, even and round,
In which they may pace, like an ox in a pound.*

But thou, I suspect, art a convert ere this, [bliss,
To these high-wrought notions of pain chequered
And wilt not suppose that the compliment paid
To stay, was so homely as thou wast afraid.
Yet stay not *too long*; for, remember, dear girl,
Although I would not urge thee home, like a churl,
Before a good visit be out, and indeed,
Though pleasure, I own, can from absence proceed;
Yet, still, I would not be condemnably slack,
Whate'er be thy thoughts, in inviting thee back.
But lest thou suppose I am changing my strain,
Or speaking a paradox—hear me explain.

* As soon as these lines escaped through my pen, I was struck with the coincidence between them and some of Campbell's.

Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed
The waveless calm the slumber of the dead?
No! the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy.

When intimate friends are divided apart,
first, they both glow with affection at heart,
nich prompts of each other with fondness to think
d fastens a rivet in amity's link.
t should a slight negligence once intervene,
any new object, in fact, slip between,
oftentimes happens, when absence is long,
reakens the ties which were previously strong,
d all the affections, grown gradually cold,
w off in new channels—like liquefied gold.
d this, to be plain, I have room to suspect,
ll follow the steps of continued neglect,
thy part I mean, for the city, no doubt,
spread its temptations to twist thee about,
make thee care nothing, or little, at best,
friends tho' forsaken, not weaned in the west.

lieu my dear Betsy. I've finished my sheet,
out leaving space enough here, to repeat
much—but I would not expressions mispend
rely repeating that I am thy friend.

EPISTLE

TO A FRIEND IN VIRGINIA,

Occasioned by a view of the new Distillery erected on the side of Locust Ridge, during a sickly autumn.

"Hail!"—would I cry, were I misanthrope,
With eyes quick-glancing o'er yon rugged slope,
Hail to that pile which rears its threatning crest
With frowning aspect looking to the west.
There, o'er the bank, whose foot Ohio laves,
And wears with its redundancy of waves,
On that same spot, where, erst, the savage horde,
Tawny or white, reciprocally poured
The grape shot of destruction, and, with pride,
Provoked the war and all its wrath defied,
Till bolder strength, or cunning, more adroit,
Transferred the redman's acres to the white,—
There, Discord's demon, loath to leave the place,
Fixes his temple on a stedfast base.
From the high mound encircling the domain,
A spring of water trickling towards the plain,
Bursts into view, and, with its copious flow,
Seems doomed to poison all the vale below.
Already see! the inundation swells,
Drenching the town, in broken parallels!

The knee-deep slimy puddles, and wet ground
Spread a rank, pestilential stench around;
While from the mudholes, gangrenous and green,
Hundreds of blear-eyed bull frogs hop between,
Croaking from eve till morn, with hideous glee,
A specimen of DISCORD'S harmony.
Around the margin, feculent and foul,
The myrmidons of AGUE nightly prowl
On the dense vapour, or the murky blast,
And strike the pale inhabitants aghast.

The muse who loves to rove on FICTION'S wing,
To scenes which Fancy paints, or poets sing,
Laments for once that TRUTH restricts her flight
To mere narration—evils all in sight.

See! o'er the town, hot FEVER'S pinion wave,
In lurid folds, the ensign of the GRAVE!
Through every room the miasmata float,
Ready to be inhaled down every throat;
Whilst acrid BILE their venomous career
Aids with a hug all French, both prompt and drear:
For, in the embrace, the blood is made to start
Like an incendiary to the heart,
Where, all on fire, the vital principle
Is made to gasp in its own citadel,
'Till D**** and his philanthropick clan,
Bleed, purge, and sweat your borough, to a man.

But this is not the direst woe, the muse
With her long telescope, at distance, views;

For, from the FANE OF DISCORD, on yon hill,
The prophet-muse predicts a greater ill,
Full soon to burst its course, impetuous, down,
In overwhelming torrents on the town.

Chide not the bard's enthusiastick zeal,
If, while he shares those griefs his friends now fee
His heart forbodes a thousand yet to come,
Nor hesitates to tell the source they're from.
That FANE, whose superstructure, on the side
Of Locust Ridge, with pain, I late descried,
Contains within its womb, or rather nest,
The very seeds, or eggs of the worst pest
That can inflict poor suffering mortals, eggs [plag
Which must, when hatched, discharge ten thous
Of which the fever which you now endure
Is but precursor and a signal sure.
The bard forbears, with arithmetick lore,
To count those evils which he must deplore;
For, if to *enumerate* were his desire,
Sheet after sheet would swell into a quire,—
Nay, ere he had exhausted half the theme
Perhaps he would have filled up quite a ream!
Besides,—the muses prospect is confined
Merely to matters which affect the *mind*,
And leaves corporeal ailments to the tribe
Of Galen's sons, who heal them, to describe.
Imprimis then—yet wherefore need I swell
My lines with moral evils known so well?
INTEMPERANCE in these days, we all well know,
Is the vast gulf whence life's great mischiefs flow

The parent, nurse, and midwife, all in one,
Of half the crimes within the world of FUN,—
And, without naming others, they alone
Would form an ample base for DISCORD's throne,—
That throne whose broad foundation, I have said,
Contiguous to yon VINEYARD has been laid,
Whence, in foul streams the poison, when distilled
Shall flow and prove this prophecy fulfilled.

EPISTLE

TO ZARA, IN THE COUNTRY.

See! Zara, pliant as the wax,
To thy last evening's hint,
The bard presents the levied tax
In coin—fresh from the mint.

And if the song which Friendship hums
Can please the critick's ear,
E'en mine shall please thee; for it comes
From amity sincere.

Unstudied thus, behold, the muse
Her thoughts on paper throws;
Nor will she drily pick and chuse,
As if she wrote in prose.

Yet am I not without a *theme*
On which to hang the strain;
For there's a peg for every whim
That issues from the brain.

This I have hinted that thou may'st
Not think it void of point,
As if my thoughts, at random placed,
Must needs be out of joint.

Between ourselves, a muse like mine
Is sure to do the best,
When pure affection prompts the line
And whim does all the rest.

Well! since I have begun the task
To give the parting lay,
Why may I not with freedom ask
What drives my friends away?

Perhaps—but why should I at once,
With vague conjectures bold,
Question your prudence, like a dunce,
Or petulantly scold?

'Twere safer, if not more polite,
In suffering you to go
To call your own opinion right
Since you suppose it so.

And yet, dear Zara, where's the harm
To own that I have thought,
That whilst you lived upon the farm,
You lived just where you ought.

For, if the happiness ye seek
(And they who say 'tis not
Must contradict what poets speak)
Be tethered to a *cot*—

How can you, in the city air,
Expect to find that bliss
Which, if it had been stationed there
You must have found ere this?

But so it is. For some good ends,
We can't exactly guess
In country and in town, my friends
Have missed their happiness.

Alas! how hard it is to learn,
(I speak it to our shame)
That happiness, for which we yearn,
Is every where the same.

Indigenous to every spot,
We must indeed be blind
If we conceive as local what
Exists but in the mind.

But this thou know'st, as well as I,
Nor will thy friend presume
To tell, as news, beneath what sky
The flowers of Eden bloom.

Then follow on in close pursuit,
And find out, if thou can,
That garden of celestial fruit
So coveted by man.

When Eve, in paradise, by lust,
Was twisted quite about,
She thought life's panacea must
Be found somewhere *without*.

This was not strange:—but 'tis most strange
That we, so blind by sin,
Should outwardly forever range,
Nor cast one look *within*.

This hint, perchance, may be of use,
Which is so freely penn'd,
And shall, if thou wilt let the muse
Instruct thee and befriend.

For this the poet bids the song
With grave monition swell,
Whilst he endeavours to prolong
This unprepared farewell.

And may it be thy fate to fare
As well as heart can wish—
Enjoying all that's good and rare
Close crowded in thy dish.

EPISTLE.

TO ZARA, IN PHILADELPHIA.

Invoked by Friendship, the recluse
Bursts from the bands of silence loose,
With poet-like alacrity,
To pour the stream of rhyme on thee—
Thee, Zara, whom the muse has long
Promised to pester with a song,
Whose only boast is, that 'tis penn'd
With all the frankness of a friend,
Who sometimes ventures to impart,
In the plain language of the heart,
Thoughts which would lead one to suppose
They faster flow in rhyme than prose.
Be then, my friend, that frankness mine,
Whilst thus I twist the votive line,
And troll it in that sea of thought
Where many a costly pearl is caught
And dragged, with all a poet's might
Into the realms of sense or sight:—
Which pearls had never else, I ween,
Been by plebian opticks seen.

Permit me, Zara, to inquire,
With an affectionate desire,

How beats thy pulse, since from the west,
Thou hast removed, for life, thy nest?
Say, does the city's smoky air
Confine thy thoughts forever there,
Without allowing them to roam
To take a peep at your old home?
Or does thy *cit-ship* sometimes fly
Upon the pinion of a *sigh*,
To visit this sequestered spot
And hover round thy antient cot—
Like an elysian spirit, sent
Into a state of banishment?
Alas! Imagination's mill
Is never found completely still,
And I suspect that *thine* ne'er miss'd
A job to do for want of grist.
Moreover I, from Juliet learn
That oft thy memory takes a turn
From Philadelphia's dusty streets
To taste again Ohio's sweets,
By strolling negligently free
Round the wild woods of HARMONY.

'Tis pleasant business, I confess
To fabricate one's happiness,
And when done lawfully, thou know'st,
He is most wise who makes the most.
But shall I own that scruples rise
As if to prove that FANCY lies,
When she asserts, and roundly too,
How much is in her power to do?

I know that she can cheer the mind
Of e'en the lame, the halt, and blind,
By pencil and the powers of speech
With scenes they never else could reach.
Her images, so bright and fair,
Creative potency declare;
For when her art she strives to show,
Her rain-bow tints so richly glow,
And every form is so displayed
That we can scarce perceive a shade.
In the same manner MEMORY oft
Makes every feature far more soft,
And every shape, of lovelier mien,
Than e'er in real life is seen.
But 'tis their trade and therefore, they
Were bunglers, did they not display
Perfection in such arts as these
Since all their business is to please.

But—with thy leave—we'll turn the view
Upon the mischiefs which they do.—

By gazing long on tints too bright
We dazzle and impair the sight,
So much that we are rather slack
In being pleased with brown or black;
Nor even when we turn the gaze
From red or scarlet's glaring blaze,
Can any thing at all be seen
On wholesome white or sober green.
Precisely in the self-same way,
When we have basked in Fancy's ray,

:zled opticks of the mind
as useless as if blind.
ıbre REAL LIFE displays
to stimulate the gaze;
hat homespun shades can do
to *entertain* his view
ıense of vision, nearly gone,
s a *rest* to lean upon,
that it may restore
ightliness of heretofore,
to supply a prop or peg
:h the eye may rest its leg!

dge how near I am correct,
ɔur now to recollect
ıch thou art in Fancy's power
er vagaries rule the hour,
at impressions, in a train,
upon the heart and brain.
long since read of, CRUSOE'S isle
lection makes us smile;
GRIM'S bold adventures yet
ıat once read them, can forget?
ɔry'thee from oblivion saves
ry of the "NOBLE SLAVES,"—
ıut that Fancy's brush had laid
:olours on which never fade?
ers *fancy* what they will
ams of youth hang round us still,
ver circumstance has traced
ions hard to be effaced.

How oft on GODFREY'S nag have I
(In fancy) vaulted through the sky!
And oh! how often have I poured
A streaming flash from ROLAND'S sword
On some imaginary foe
Who sunk beneath the dreadful blow.
At times, to make the matter worse,
I own that FORTUNATUS' purse
Obtrudes upon me like a witch,
And makes me feel immensely rich:
And oft his CAP confers on me
A fanciful ubiquity.
But nothing of this nature can
Bewitch like Mercier's "IRON MAN."
With fancied heroism and pride
Throughout this wicked land I stride;
A Theseus, angel, fay, or elf,
In short, the IRON MAN himself,
Full of that passion which delights
To set a world so wrong to rights.

These are mere whimsies, thou wilt say
And bid me brush them all away;
Lest castle-building quite destroy
Whatever else I might enjoy—
Unfitting, thus, myself to live
Where I have nothing left to give,
And where I do not power possess
The slightest evils to redress.

This, Zara, is the very thing,
Or kind of game, I meant to spring;

Believing that my mote must seem
(To eyes that wear a beam) a beam.
Filled with ideas of this sort
I take the freedom to retort,
And, like a controversialist,
To give the argument a twist.

What reason is there, on thy side
That may (I wonder) be applied
To screen thee from the censure due
For straining westwardly the view?
Is not the city great and fair
With every thing most valued there?
Why therefore shouldst thou wish to change
Thy grander prospects for a range
In woods and wilds and thickets brown,—
So different from the style of town?
Dost thou, like him of Macedon,
Who, (having through all changes run,
And revelled in whate'er this globe
Conceals of pleasure 'neath her robe,)
From Asiatick manners ran
To mix with Scythia's hardy clan,
Dost thou from eastern softness fly
To gaze upon our country sky,
And ramble through those forest shades
Which summer's sunshine scarce pervades?
Be wise, my friend. Thy thoughts call home;
Nor more on Fancy's pinions roam,
In search of that felicity
Which, though so near, we seldom see.

Thou, with a hawk-like vision, seest
How Juliet's joys would be decreased,
If, like thyself, on Fancy's wings,
She soared abroad in quest of things
Which, for life's comfort, all her wit
Would fail to prove were requisite.
For instance, if we thought that she
Would quit the scenes round HARMONY,
Merely to traipse, with blistered feet,
From shop to shop, from street to street,
Making imagination glow
With every city-raree-show,
To which she might desire to gad,
Could we suppose her less than mad?
And what, I pray, dost thou do less
In wandering from a happiness
Which I have ventured to suppose
Only, where duty plants us, grows?

He who the bliss of man designed
Our habitations well defined,
And marked their bounds too plainly out,
To leave us any room to doubt,
That he expects his flowers and weeds
To grow just where he plants the seeds.
Then let us—whether weeds or flowers,
Exert our faculties and powers,
In acquiescence to the doom
Which placed us where we ought to bloom,
Thou to adorn life's bright parterre,
And I, poor I!—no matter where!

EPISTLE

ADDRESSED TO IGNATIUS,

On his recovery from sickness.

Again the rose upon those cheeks,
With renovated freshness blooms;
That tongue, new-toned, in musick speaks;
That eye, its wonted fire relumes.

Whilst joy in every feature swims,
And health its sparkling livery wears,
And vigour shoots, through all thy limbs,
The heartfelt glow of youthful years;—

Say, shall the muse that oft times draws
Reflections from life's tangling maze,
Be heard, if now she bid thee pause,
And take a retrospective gaze?

When Languor stopped her "drowsy flight,"
And o'er thy head her poppies hung;
And Anguish, with malignant spite,
On thy weak frame his fury wrung—

'ell, child of clay, if stoick pride
Sustained thee in that suffering hour?
y, could PHILOSOPHY deride
And set at nought Almighty power?

Or did my sorrow-softened friend,
Learn what he might have learnt of God?
And, Job-like, in affliction bend?
And, unrepining bless the rod?

For, man's perverted heart to teach,
In wisdom's lore is heav'n's design;
And hence was suffering sent to preach,
With heavenly eloquence to thine.

Preached it in vain?—Permit the bard
That moves the moralising pen,
To ask if thus Divine Regard
Might not unfold itself to men?

Preached it in vain?—When mercy means
To make the creature's heart rejoice,
On God the man of wisdom leans,
And listens to the preacher's voice.

Heardst thou that voice?—Alas! I fear
It has, for thee, been raised in vain,
Else thou, ere this, wouldst love to hear
The *universal preacher*—PAIN.

Man, when he lived in Eden, smiled,
Exempt from guilt, from sorrow free;
But with the fruit which had beguiled,
He plucked the poison from the tree.

Death followed sin. For God had said,
"If Adam taste *this* fruit he dies!"
And when the man had disobeyed,
And lost, with Eve, FAITH'S holy prize—

Exhaustless wisdom *then* resolved
To vivify their souls again,
And this prodigious task devolved
(Mysterious means to save!)—on Pain.

Earth then with Adam shared the curse
And thorns succeeded Eden's bloom;
In sorrow Eve was made to nurse
The weeping offspring of her womb.

But lo! the curse which nature felt,
Though so gigantick—unconfined,—
(Wide as the yawning gulf of guilt
And issuing from the eternal mind—)

Was pregnant, like the source of good,
And bore that blessing in its fall,
Which, though but rarely understood,
Was meant to reach, and reaches all.

Hence 'tis, we find the serpent's head
Was wisely doomed the bruise to feel;
And hence his foe, the royal seed,
Must bear the bruise upon his heel.

And hence, my friend, as sure as Eve
By sinning was from Eden driven,
So surely may thine eye perceive
That sufferings strew the road to heaven.

No longer then oh! man of mind!
Stand shuddering on life's narrow brink;
Nor, to celestial tokens blind,
From danger, pain, and sickness shrink.

For why should man mourn o'er the clay
Which crumbles when disease attacks,
Since he may calmly view the affray,
And peep at heaven—between the cracks?

ELEGIES.

A MONODY,

By way of testimony in remembrance of

JOSEPH DEW.

If ever the Pastoral Lay
Had need to be stripped of its own,
And, losing its cadence of *gay*,
Assume a more *sorrowful* tone;—
This, this is that period of time,
Which calls forth the sigh and the tear;
For now it were next to a crime
To suffer a smile to appear:
Since he who our feet to this wilderness led,
And cheered, by his spirit, our spirits—is dead!

Let mourning, ye hills, and ye dales!
Appear where your greenness appeared!
And echoes, that fill the loud gales,
Repeat *his* name, ever revered,
Who, o'er the rude mountain and rock,
First led us, and taught us to roam,
Till hither we came, like a flock,
And found in this desart a home:—
A home whence, alas! all our pleasures are fled,
Since he who could soothe, like—a father, is dead!

Thy gloom, hoary winter! and blast,
Accord with the sorrows I sing
Seeing life's vivid hues are o'ercast
With clouds from thy raven-like wing!
Then stay dreary winter, awhile,
Nor haste with impetuous career,
Lest SPRING should burst in with a smile,
And banish the sigh and the tear: [she
For sighs must not cease; and the tears which w
Will constantly flow for—the man that is dead!

Disciple of Wisdom! if thou,
From regions celestial discern
The stream of affection which, now,
Is poured from these lids round thine urn;
Rebuke not the fast-rolling tear,
Which glistens on every pale cheek;
For GRIEF's high prerogative, here,
Allows us the priv'lege to speak; [trea
Forasmuch, round thy grave, as we mournfully
The thought of our hearts is—our pastor is de

The speech, gentle DEW! which distilled,
And dropped from thy o'erflowing mind,
With sheaves our glad bosoms oft filled,
And taught to be wholly resigned:
Exampled by *thee*, every word,
That fell from thy heart-thrilling tongue,
Impressed us, as if we *then* heard
The sounds which an angel had sung!
But *now*, though the words of thy doctrine be re
They cease to enchant, for—the preacher is de

"*He is dead!*" hark! a voice from yon woods,
Of late, his contemplative haunts,
On grief's hallowed precincts intrudes,
And utters this solemn response:
"He is dead!—In the *stillness* of death,
Midst shades which his ashes inclose,
O, let not the sound of a breath
Break in on his spirit's repose;
Lest murmurs escape ye; and lest it be said,
Your FAITH is extinct, now—your brother is dead!

"Remember, his labours of love
Directed the soul that had strayed,
To seek, in the wisdom above,
Celestial, not weak human aid.
—Not a step of *our own*, in the race,
Not a word, not an act, nor a thought,
Can better our pitiful case—
Was, once, the pure doctrine he taught:
If then ye be not from his gospel misled,
Your faith is sufficient—'tis, otherwise, dead!

"If, heeding the counsel he gave,
Ye own that the heavens are just,
Whenever ye visit this grave,
A blessing shall rise from the dust;
For, when your minds thus acquiesce,
And sink to the true place of prayer,
On his tomb ye shall kneel and confess
The DEW OF THE KINGDOM is there!
Whose genial influence gently shall spread
A bloom *of new life*—in the cold and the dead!"

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF JAMES COXE,

Of Philadelphia, written in the West Indies.

Ah! fatal spot! where dire DISEASE has spread
Seductive baits to catch the unwary prey,
Whilst on thy borders, filled with fears, I tread,
A cloud obscures the cheerful face of day.

Pestiferous blasts around this slave-tilled soil,
Threatening, with open menace, or, with craft,
Lurking beneath a zephyr's flattering smile,
With equal speed, urge Fate's unerring shaft.

Here, oft retired from Pleasure's busy band,
On some grey mount I choose an hour serene,
To gaze on fields where Death has stretched his hand
Tread the parched hills, and count the graves
between.

'Midst these promiscuous heaps, we seek in vain
The tawdry cenotaph of human pride;—
Death's victims here are well content to gain
Some clay to hold them and a shrub to hide.

Yet, o'er yon sloping bosom of the vale,
Methinks mine eye would linger as it roves;
There would the faltering voice of Friendship hail
The PENSIVE MUSE—the genius of the groves.

In that low spot where thick bananas spread
Redundant foliage to the autumnal shower,
On Death's cold lap, COXE leaned his prostrate head
And sunk beneath the pressure of his power.

From childhood trained by academick rules,
His eagle genius, whither science lead,
Brushed through the cobweb learning of the schools,
While Fancy round her vagrant visions spread.

Brightening with age, like ice before the sun,
From Wisdom's lamp he snatched a meteor-beam,
By which he learnt those crooked paths to shun,
Which lead to death—to wretchedness supreme.

Full oft his friends have held a long debate,
(Nor dares the muse the question yet decide)
Whether the comick muse was more his mate,
Than graver-faced philosophy his guide.

So young, so learned, so excellent, and fair,
He left his home to gain a foreign fame,
And had he 'scaped this pestilential air,
No youth through years had borne a brighter name

ad was the hour, when first from home he strayed:
Dull was the gale that sighed for his return;
nguid the waves which round his vessel played;
And dark the day which left his friends to mourn.

arce had the bark attained this fatal strand,
When hostile FEVER, with malignant brow,
aigned his prey, and, with a barbarous hand, [now
truck the deep wound—a wound that's bleeding

O, could my verse, like his own numbers, melt
  Your frozen hearts, ye sons of apathy!
In every breast should sorrows, deeply felt,
  Hang round his urn, and be his Elegy.

But since this boon the gracious powers deny,
  An humbler service, hallowed task! be mine;
At pensive eve, with friendly zeal to hie
  And pour Affection's tribute on the shrine.

ELEGY

N THE DEATH OF REBECCA BOLTON.

Addressed to her Mother.

legiac strain has now become so trite,
t to the real mourner, there appears
ht, in the long drawn line, but fitly might
called, a cold apology for tears.

ted sorrow leaves the mind at ease [choose,
stroll through Nature's fields, to pick and
with a touch of Fancy's pencil, please
e roving eye with flowrets of all hues.

uch is *his*, who bids this sorrowing line
:ousin's memory from oblivion save;
my dear aunt, afflicted widow! thine, [grave,
iose tottering frame leans o'er a daughter's

this is genuine sorrow: and we may
ow our hearts to speak it, without blame;
Nature claims the tribute, which we pay,
her just right; nor will she wave her claim.

d from the world, REBECCA grew, between
iternal tenderness and heavenly care;
r, like a plant that bloomed almost unseen,
id "spent its sweetness in the desart air."

Her mind with no wild fire of genius *gleamed*;
No zone of *Spartan* brilliancy, her breast;—
With *milder lustre* all her virtues beamed, [rest.
Like SPRING's soft *verdure* where the eye might

The attentive gaze, and e'en the applausive look
Of strangers, she, too diffident to meet,
Like Mary, loved! the quiet portion took,
Of meekly sitting at the master's feet.

And that "good part" which she so wisely chose,
What time her youth and health were in their bloom,
Consoled her spirit at life's awful close,
And bade her shrink not from an early tomb.

When o'er her couch contemplatively bent,
I, through my tears, beheld her strength decline,
How gladly this world's wealth would I have spent
For peace like hers!—to call *her* prospect *mine!*

And thou, dear aunt, whose anxious eye oft viewed
The change which sickness made on one so dear;
Thou, on whose breast *her* cheek oft sunk, bedewed,
With many a filial sympathising tear:

—(Full many a tear, which kindred sorrows drew,
Thou and REBECCA shed, too well I know;
And many a cause for many a tear ye knew,
If to be stripped of much could make them flow!)—

Say, if one word, pronounced by thee, might fetch
REBECCA from the mansions of her bliss,
Wouldst thou, pronouncing it, consent to snatch
Her spirit back to such a world as this?

Check then thy tears! and let our minds retrieve
The calm which sorrow, when indulged, destroys;
So shall we prove, that we at once believe
Our loss, her gain, and truly share her joys.

Besides, thou know'st, we feel within our hearts,
(What every change to thoughtful minds makes plain)
That though the grave may part us, yet it parts,
Like the swift keel, the waves—that meet again:

And knell succeeds so rapidly to knell,
(For Times flits ever! and its flight is fleet!)
We need not say to her we mourn, "Farewell"—
So soon to follow! soon, I trust, to meet!

ALEXIS & THIRZA:

AN ELEGIAC ECLOGUE.

Consecrated to the memory of Mordecai Yarnall, late of Philadelphia.

INSCRIBED TO HIS SISTER.

Be this lay thine, Rebecca, whom the bard,
From far Ohio's range of hills and vales,
By way of monument of his regard
For thy dear brother's memory, fondly hails.
Thine was no common brother. As at first
Your hearts were knit in holy fellowship,
So from his heart its ruling passion burst
With the last word that faltered on his lip?
This I was witness to—nor I alone;
For others wept around their dying friend.—
Take then the tribute which a hand unknown
Has, by the side of YARNALL'S WILLOW, penned;
And, if in aught the officious zeal offend,
Ah! let the motive for the crime atone.

ALEXIS.

Ah! why my dear Thirza dost thou importune
Thy grief-stricken friend, with a business so vain!
Thou know'st I have promised,—and shall I so soon
Attempt to new string my old lyre again?

In days that are past, when I courted the muse,
And strove, with poor skill, my own cares to beguile,
If ever the theme, which I happened to choose,
Enlivened the air of my friends, with a smile;
Like them I was soothed, or was gladdened, I own,
And felt the full force of applause, when expressed:
But now the enthusiasm of youth is all gone,
And rigid Philosophy rules in my breast.
The fine nerve of Feeling, 'tis true, is still there,
But every poetical vision is fled;
And therefore for him whom we mourn, shall the tear
In silence, say all that by us can be said.

THIRZA.

And therefore (I add) shall dull Apathy know
How great is her influence, how wide is her sway,
At finding the breast of the bard not to glow,
When Mordecai vainly solicits the lay.
Remember, Alexis, when he was alive,
How often we ventured our feelings to pen;—
Now all that I ask of thee is to revive [then.
Those bursts of affection which showed themselves
The full flow of sentiment, tender and strong,
Which swells our sad bosoms, and spreads like a flame,
By means of thy skill, might embellish the song,
Devoted to speak of his virtues and name.

ALEXIS.

Ah yet, my dear Thirza, what would it avail
To deck with his virtues the friendly wrought lay?

To all but ourselves it would sound like a tale
And be little more than mere words thrown
For me, I will own that I greatly prefer
The tear of true sorrow, in secrecy shed,
To all the fine eulogies, pomp, and loud stir,
That Pride ever heaped round the shrine of

THIRZA.

The tear shed in secret shall not be withheld;
For oft yonder orb, that emits her pale bea
Shall witness my tears, by affection impelled,
Descend on the grave of our friend in a str
And oft from my bosom the sigh of regret
Shall glide through this vale where his relic
This tribute of Friendship I owe as a debt,
Which like summer dews shall be constantly
And ah! were the powers of bland minstrelsy
His name and his virtues, with emphasis tol
Should gild the fair column, and give to each l
The splendid and unalloyed sterling of gol

ALEXIS.

What, tell me, my Thirza, provokes thee to s
In high-sounding phrases, our Mordecai's n
I fear, like the world, thou hast made a mistal
Respecting the much worshiped idol of Fa
It is but a shadow—and he that is wise
Will never pant after an image so vain;—
Of praise, now, unconscious, *there* Mordecai l
And there, undisturbed, let his ashes remai

THIRZA.

And is thine ear deaf to the homage of praise,
Proceeding from hearts we are bound to esteem?
How wide of the mark thy philosophy strays,
Whilst thus it determines to baffle my scheme!
For my part, Alexis, I freely avow
That life without fame were insipid and dull;
The law of *my* being declares it, and thou
That law, I am certain, canst never anul.
Still, therefore, I covet for him whom we loved
A *sprig of remembrance* to grow round his tomb,
Which after yon breeze-streaming willow's removed
By Time's mouldering hand, shall continue to bloom!

ALEXIS.

Although not convinced that thy passion for Fame,
Dear Thirza, is such as *my* Reason approves;
Yet now to oblige thee, shall Mordecai's name
Be sung by the bard who his memory loves.
Attend to the lay. And whilst sorrows detain
Our gaze to the sod where his ashes repose,
O let us remember, that life, in the wane, [close.
Ere long, round ourselves and our prospects shall

THE ELEGY.

Here rests his head, upon this lap of earth,
A youth to Fame and Fortune early known;
Fair Science smiled on his auspicious birth,
And Taste and Fancy marked him for their own.

Ardent, in every laudable pursuit,
To form the poet, scholar, christian, man,
He, rich in feelings and in grace minute,
With diamond hopes his bright career began.

In early life to charm his young compeers,
Oft, in the jocund throng, encircled round,
With parts developed, far beyond his years,
He tuned his lyre, and trod poetick ground.

As years rolled on the instructive page unrolled,
And to his ken the gems of knowledge spread;
And ere his adolescence past, behold!
The laurel-plumage gathered round his head.

O could this pencil that attempts to sketch
A faint resemblance of his sparkling mind,
From his own fire a transient lustre catch
Of *tenderness* and *energy* combined;—

This monument, more durable than brass,
And far more lovely than the Parian stone,
Should, with his name, to future ages pass,
And make his merits and endowments known:

Not for his sake; for he unconscious sleeps,
Nor heeds our sighs, nor his Rebecca's tears;
But solely for our sakes, whose friendship weeps,
And theirs who follow in the lapse of years.

For, when *his* genius had embossed the shrine,
In which our Mordecai's remains are laid,
Who, unimproved, could read the *dirgeful* line
Of such a homage to such virtues paid?

What hope remains,—might every tongue exclaim,—
What hope for us, to count on years to come,
Since all the honours that hang round his name,
Could not protract his melancholy doom?

If Taste, if Sense, if Genius, and fine Wit, [all,
With Friendship's smiles, and Fortune's prospects,
Thus to the hasty blow of Time submit,
And, Dagon-like, in Nature's temple fall,

How vain indeed must be their hopes, who build
"Beneath the stars" the fabrick of their bliss,
And with nice art the superstructure *gild*,
With views confined to such a world as this!

The *christian's* prospect thus becomes illumed
With the clear radiance of the torch of Truth;
All else in one vast ruin lies entombed
Whilst he shall "flourish in immortal youth."

LINES

To perpetuate the remembrance of Eliza Graham.
Written two years after her decease.

Before their saints they canonize
Good Catholicks resolve,
That Time, which every merit tries,
In lustrums shall revolve.

So I, who often bid the rhyme
The applausive form assume;
Await the sanctioning pledge of Time
Ere I enwreathe the tomb.

For oft 'tis found, the partial muse,
When fond Affection weeps,
Her pen with sorrow's tears imbues,
Whilst Candour's judgment sleeps.

Ah! had the rule which I adopt
Been every poet's rule,
How many melting lays had stopped—
Grown, with their sorrows, cool.

Then too, had genuine worth been known,
And best distinguished by,
(Instead of cenotaphs of stone)
The lingering tear and sigh.

And then, Eliza, such as thine,
Had genuine *genius* smiled,
And stampt on the recording line,
Remembrance of the child.

For every muse would freely urge
The justness of thy claim;
To all that the funereal dirge
Can give by way of fame.

Of fame?—alas! the moralist,
With vision more profound,
Asks, why the muse would still persist
To tread the beaten round?

Retract the word—there's no renown
For creatures of a day,
Who, like autumnal leaves are blown
Remorselessly away.

Eliza's parts, 'tis true, were bright,
And brilliant was her form,
Her apprehension quick as light
That flashes in the storm.

An ardency of mind which gleamed
In all she did or said,
Matured in prattling childhood, seemed
To mark superiour grade.

Yet what indeed can genius boast,
On merit what bestow,
Since every mind can say, at most,
The MAKER made it so?

The acorn might as well presume,
When dangling near the sky,
That power innate had fledged the plume,
Which lifted it so high;—

As man that he has aught to boast
Above his fellow worms,
Because he holds a mind or post,
Mere circumstance confirms.

Then sleep, Eliza, in the dust,
Where thou hast lain so long,
Heedless of praise, however just,
From overflowing song.

For thou, with perfect knowledge filled,
In pity, canst look down
On man's all-erring schemes to build
A fabrick of renown.

Thine rests secure upon the base
Of that Creative power,
Who planted thee for his own praise,
Then plucked away the flower.

LINES

On the death of Margaretta Murray, a child:

ADDRESSED TO HER PARENTS.

Ah! whence, my dear friends, are those tears
  Which ceaselessly flow from your eyes?
Whence that anguish, my friends, that appears
  In those sighs,—those disconsolate sighs?
If those tears for your Margaret are shed,
  Those sighs for your daughter are giv'n,
Reflect that from wretchedness fled
  The cherub can't need them in heav'n.

When she languished in sickness and pain,
  And her little heart made its sad moan,
Like your own, *my* warm tears flowed amain,
  And *my* sighs too re-echoed your own.
And you know when solicitude raised
  The fond prayer o'er the babe while she slept,
I in sympathy silently gazed,
  And I chided you not when you wept.

But since the dear babe is removed,
  From those ills that encompassed her here,
Present sorrow should now be reproved
  As too churlish however sincere.

Think betimes,—('tis a hint from the muse)
Four darlings remain to be yours;—
Lest an obstinate selfishness lose,
What a cheerful oblation secures.

For alas! while perversely you mourn
And combat the claim of the grave,
'Gainst your *God*, unsubmissive, ye turn,
And forbid him to take what he gave.
Restrain then the tear and the sigh,
And strive to be better resigned;
Let affection with duty comply
And calmness shall solace the mind.

TRIBUTE

To the memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Trevor

I must not—must not be! Although so long,
The lyre of FRIENDSHIP has remained unheard,
claims its right to pour, in funeral song,
The gush of sorrow o'er the friend interred.

or let philosophers say what they please
Our life is too important to be past
ithout some pledge—some sure remembrances
To hold our volatile affections fast.

he times we live in, too, possess a claim
To those attentions which we sometimes pay;
nd every object of respect or blame
Demands our notice—be it which it may.

hat is the history of the world, beside
Loose memorandums of the lapse of time,
nbellished into wreaths of shame or pride,
Hung round the historian's prose or poet's rhyme.

id if the records of a former age
Can animate the students faded cheek,
ir own contemporaries, on the stage,
Of life may surely be allowed to speak.

Alert with eagerness the traveller flies
From bleak Kamschatka to the burning zone,
Through polished courts, beneath intemperate skies,
In crowds, or hapless, in some wilds alone.

Homewards at length from wanderings thus remote
The man of gathered knowledge shapes his way,
And with his scraps of lore and anecdote,
Feeds our surprise with what he has to say.

On northern hardihood and southern ease,
On eastern pomp and western rudeness, he
Dilates at large and seldom fails to please
The listening ear of Curiosity.

How gratifying then to every mind
Must be the customs, characters, and taste
Of those—(with biographick skill defined)
Whom we at home, in early life, embraced?

For me, let not the sage historian's pen
Unfold transactions of the olden time;
Nor let the voyager describe the men
And state of manners in a foreign clime;—

If for exotick banquets such as those,
Indigenous enjoyments I must lose
By giving up the sympathy which flows
At Friendship's bidding from the tender muse.

No! let the bands which intimacy 'twined,
Be strengthed by the monument we keep
Of those whose moral excellence of mind
Pleads for the tears it causes us to weep.

And such in truth was that departed worth
Which makes ELIZABETH! thy name so dear
To thy once loved companions here on earth,
Now left to shed the unavailing tear.

We know what stern philosophy would teach
To check the tears which cease not yet to flow,
The pious language, too, of those who preach
The resignation of the will—we know.

Yet what avails such doctrines when the heart
(Filled with emotions it cannot repress)
Probes its own wounds with sorrow's poignant dart
And swells, enamoured of its own distress?

The strings of musick, duly stretched, obey
The various movements of the skilful hand,
And, with the brisk alacrity of play,
Vibrate responsively to its command:

But when relaxed too little or too much
Their feeble *murmurs*, or discordant *groans*
Express repugnancy, at every touch,
That strives to rouse their more melodious tones.

The human heart, in health and quite at ease,
On its supposed perfections fondly doats,
And when it feels a heaven impelling breeze,
Along the stream of smooth existence floats.

And should the current and the breeze unite
Their friendly aid to bear their burthen on,
Man, self-complacent creature, with delight,
Feels all his fears and apprehensions gone.

Then, not like holy Job, who, when he viewed
The moon bedecked with many a borrowed b
Kissed not his hand in compliment, but stood
And paid his homage to the sun supreme.

But rather like the king (of whom we read)
Who claimed the right of super-human powe
We compliment ourselves, as if, indeed,
Dominion, might, and majesty were ours.

"I am not sick," says one; "and I have wealth,"
Another cries, in self-applauding tone;
"Temperance and Industry establish health,
And these are virtues I can call my own."

Thus all who differ from their fellow clods,
Presume to rate themselves of higher grade,
Without reflecting that their boasted odds
Have been by casual circumstances made.

The coy, phlegmatick, churlish, and austere
Deride the jovial, generous, free and bold;
Who, not less warped by nature's bias, jeer
The dull, insipid, saturnine, and cold.

Whence is the warriour's glory? what the fame
Of statesmen foremost in their country's eye?
On what foundation rests the established claim
Of those who nobly live, or bravely die?

Take, reader, of thyself a nearer view,
And, when dissected into atoms, own
How much, of all thy best exploits, is due
To EDUCATION and to BIRTH alone.

asis of thy character,
seem, from accidents aloof:
exture of the soul is there—
best distinguished from the *woof*.

se bones? *those* nerves?—behold yon eye,
rful glance looks legions into awe,
's mark of sovereignty—
innate of giving law.

re of Washington, or thine,
us, whom the world still owns
o sever or combine
earth's candidates for thrones.

ll the talent thou couldst boast,
n hereditary kings,
elf the puppet—(well thou know'st)
nces and the course of things.

walls the great presiding power
ne doom of nations at its beck,
give, in an eventful hour,
nd of thy strange career a check.

ed not daunted, by this circumstance,
dragon-genius backwards flew,
up the destinies of France,
desperate stake at Waterloo.

how marvellously strange, that *thou*
all nations kneeling at thy foot,
ere change of circumstances now,
nd *insulated* like a brute!

And yet the day may come when from the foam
Of ocean tossed—a feather on the wave—
Some draw-like incident may bring thee home
To succour thy lost country and to save.

If so, remember! that *extrinsick means*
Co-operate with human agency,
An agency, at most, which intervenes
But ne'er destroys the maker's sovereignty.

The hand that formed the worm on which we tread
And lodged the wealth of nations in the mine,
Who spread yon circumvolving clouds o'erhead
And caused those planetary orbs to shine.

The same great Power, pursuant to his plan,
Established his economy on earth,
By fashioning the faculties of man
And pointing them to action at his birth.

Each mortal has his own peculiar niche
And claims an *aptitude* for some employ:—
This man possesses talents to get rich,
And *that* to labour, suffer, or enjoy.

We, now, are doomed to sorrow. He who gave
And bade us prize Eliza's charms whilst here
Proclaims, that we may pause around her grave
And freely shed the frequent falling tear.

Nor are our hearts indifferent to the plea
Which feeling urges with a powerful claim,
To consecrate, in feeble elegy,
Eliza's virtues and embalm her name.

shall this monument, however weak,
: useless or unmindful of its trust,
: nothing can in plainer language speak
That dust invariably returns to dust."

learned, the wise, the beautiful, the great,
he weak, the strong, the resolute, in turn;
y, alike, the awful voice of FATE
hich bids OBLIVION cover every urn.

TRIBUTE

To the memory of Mrs. Bostwick, respectfully addressed to her affectionate, weeping sister.

THE grief which I, who am a stranger, feel,
Proves incontestibly how vainly thou,
By every human effort wouldst conceal
The conflicts which convulse thy bosom now.

This is no time for cold formality—
For sorrow follows no fastidious laws;
Nor shall the strain which flows from sympathy,
Lose its effects by an unmeaning pause.

A sister's loss—the loss of one like thine,
Can be imagined but by one like me,
Who, up from childhood loved and cherished *mine*,
With an enthusiastick fervency.

Faultless, like thine, *my* lovely sister shone
Like morning's dew-drop on some favourite rose
Whose beauteous tints, in gay refraction thrown,
Its innate sweetness, index like, disclose.

The hand of SICKNESS, ruthlessly severe,
Leaned lingeringly upon its sinking prey,
With fiend-like cunning pressed from year to year
And wore at leisure all her health away.

t thou beheld, as I have oft beheld,
sister's fragile bark, adrift at sea,
slowly, but resistlessly propelled,
rwards the vast vortex of Eternity.

hadst thou seen, as I so sadly saw,
he tortured martyr of so stern a fate,
ing in anguish down to Nature's law
s if the victim of vindictive hate:—

t angel form by hectic fires consumed,
hose eyes within their half closed sockets hid,
se cheeks so blanched where once the roses
bloomed,
nd horror hovering round each shrivcled lid:

lst thou (permit me to repeat) perceived
This real picture of life's slow decay,
well assured that thou wouldst less have grieved
To see thy darling sister snatched away.

ke heart—be comforted—the sudden shock
Which nature, when assailed, so rudely feels,
) every member of the christian flock,
Thus with a solemn emphasis appeals:

/hen pagan darkness o'er the world was spread
A pagan's hopes alone could fill the mind;
or all the schools, with each professing head
Man's *summum bonum* to this world confined.

Well then might they, whose light was so obscure
As ne'er to lead their views beyond the grave,
Well might *they* covet life, its pains endure,
And shattered fragments of existence crave.

To *them* a sudden death were certain ill, [exceed;—
A bound which their weak hopes could not
(For, let the casuists cavil as they will,
Shaped are our expectations by our creed.)

Not so to those who look beyond the tomb
And feel *immortal* raptures, while they gaze
On things which (taught by faith) they know will bloom,
When this creation's sun shall cease to blaze.

To *these* a sudden death at once removes
The mists of doubt which sometimes intervene,
And, by convincing demonstration, proves
How trifling all their earth-sprung joys had been.

The quick transition, though it must appal
Us, who stand weeping round a sister's clay,
Tells that the summons was a friendly call
That saved her from a painful slow decay.

So Enoch, Moses, and Elijah flew
With seraph-speed athwart the dread abyss,
And, by a special act of mercy, knew
No lingering anguish in their flight to bliss!

ON THE LOSS

OF L'EPERVIER.

An *earthquake* may be made to spare
The man that's strangled with a *hair*.
COWPER.

O thou enlivener of the human mind
Where SADNESS, else, and gloomy SORROW sweep,
With raven wings through darkness unconfined,
And CHEERFULNESS' smiles in bondage keep,
Still linger round the cavern of DESPAIR,
And cast, O HOPE! one gleam of sunshine there!

The *father's* prayers, the *orphan's* sobbing cries,
In their peculiar energy expressed,
A *sister's* tears, the *widowed mother's* sighs,
To thee O HOPE! are at this hour addressed:
No balm of COMFORT, to their hearts, is near,
If thou, BENIGNANT POWER, refuse to hear.

Hour follows hour, and day to day succeeds,
Weeks make up months, and months amount to years;
But EXPECTATION expectation breeds,
And calls on THEE to dissipate our fears;—
Yet fears and apprehensions rise in crowds
And strive to shadow o'er thy beams with clouds.

Darker and darker still the prospect grows,
'Till scarce one ray the gathering gloom pervades;
Worn out SUSPENSE no casual *doubt* bestows,
And FANCY's lingering twilight's glimmering fades.
Now sick at heart, from *Hope, deferred too long*,
The voice of JOY cheers not the mourning throng.

Far o'er the wide Atlantick, every eye,
That aches with watching—though it cannot sleep,
Looks through the misty regions of the sky,
And glances o'er the billows of the deep:—
In vain the visual shaft pursues its mark—
SHUBRICK appears not, nor his gallant BARK.

In wild suspense, each agitated soul
Resembles OCEAN's limitless abyss,
Where waves on waves, in desperate surges, roll,
Headlong from precipice to precipice,
Then, breaking on the topmast ridges, bound
In furious whirlpools to the vast profound!

Lost in UNCERTAINTY, no clew, no guide
Directs our driving thoughts, nor checks their speed:
O'er the void wilderness they wander wide
From every self-imposed restriction freed.
Tired out, at last, IMAGINATION halts,
And, with dismay, from further search revolts!

Yet REASON strives to keep our spirits up,
With many a bold or plausible surmise;
Contends that, in AFFLICTION's bitterest cup,
One drop at least of CONSOLATION lies;
And bids us *still*, with confidence, depend
On HIM who always was the sufferer's friend.

"Shall we suppose," she asks, "that THOSE who past
"So many years in hard CAPTIVITY,
"Should, by DECATUR, be released, at last,
"Merely to sink in yon devouring SEA?
"And that their friends, upon a distant shore,
"Should never feel their warm embraces more?

"And shall that venturous CREW be thus inurned,
"Afar from home, beneath unfriendly waves,
"Whose gallant hearts, with indignation burned,
"To free their countrymen from being SLAVES—
"And who, with so much skill, repelled the blow,
"Which, but for them, had laid OUR COUNTRY low?"

—SHUBRICK! to thee and thy INTREPID CREW,
Whose patriotick labours have been shown,
The willing MUSE awards the homage due,
And consecrates your monumental stone,
On which the pen of history shall repeat
The tale of many a daring naval feat.

Where all are brave 'twere hardly fair to choose
And fix the applausive look on only *one*;
And yet, without an eagle's eye, the muse
Could not, at once, behold what all have done:
The range is too extensive, and the blaze
Of your exploits o'erpowers the incautions gaze.

The bias, too, which partial FRIENDSHIP owns
Will justify the choice of YARNALL's name,
AFFECTION for such preference well atones
And saves the *poet*, in the friend from blame:
Nor will FRATERNAL FONDNESS, felt so long,
Withhold from *him* the eulogising song.

If, when a nation, that has suffered wrongs
Which diplomatick skill cannot redress,
Calls out her troops of VOLUNTEERS, in throngs,
An insolent INVASION to repress,
And, at her call, her sons in phalanx join,
Breast flanking breast, to wall the lengthened l

Or, if on ERIE's flood, at PERRY's side,
Where duty stationed him, young YARNALL stoo
And, *with composure*, every method tried,
To fill the ranks as often as he could;
'Till his brave fallen comrades, round him thre
Left him, at last, to work his guns alone;—

If, when those ranks were thinned, the COMMODO
Leap'd from the LAWRENCE, whilst she *yet* could
And recognizing YARNALL, in his *gore*,
Conferred the desperate management to him,
Who with his eight companions kept the decl
And sprang to triumph from the *sinking wre*

* For his valourous conduct, in the memorab
gagement between the American and British s
rons, on lake Erie, the legislature of Virginia h
ed lieut. John Jolliffe Yarnall with an elegant s
The house of representatives of the U. S. also h
ed him with a medal, which by an ex post facto
that wise body have taken from him and gratui
bestowed upon *that man* whose unrighteous co
has deprived the widowed mother of our h
bread! This anecdote is preserved as a standing
of the *discretion* of our national rulers, and of t
vate virtues of him who possesses the medal!!

This fact (now incidentally related) has fur
materials for a satire, which the Recluse prom
the world at a future day;—unless the present
of the medal shall amend his ways by refunding
mother part of the spoils of which he has been

If deeds like *these* entitle one to fame,
Such as the world possesses power to give,
His HONOURS are secure; for YARNALL'S name
Must, on the records of his country, live;—
And PERRY and DECATUR will attest
Who seconded their boldest efforts best.

Thus is his praise established here on earth,
By those who have his publick service shared;
His higher praise, built on his MORAL WORTH,
Needs not the testimony of the Bard— [swell
That Bard who knew his heart, and who might
The eulogy of one he loved so well.

For, since the moral-duties best are shown
In *brother, son, companion, neighbour, friend,*
These virtues may, on his sepulchral stone,
Be, by the SCULPTOR'S chisel, made to blend:
For these were his, as those survivors know,
Whose tears for him in sweet remembrance flow

But ah! it matters not what might be said,
O'er the cold ashes of the friends we mourn.
Our best instruction is, to know, the dead
Have surely passed the irremeable bourne:—
A simple truth which, to the mind, conveys
More profit than all monumental praise.

PARODY

OF GRAY'S CELEBRATED ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

Scene—Seminary Range.

The sinking sun emits his last faint ray
And leaves one lengthened shadow o'er the lea,
The jocund school boys homeward skip away
And leave the purlieus of the Range to me.

Now day's bright colours fade upon the eye
And all the scene a solemn stillness keeps;
Save where young Zephyr, briskly passing by,
With panting breath through dangling foliage sweeps.

Save that from yonder farm, a good way off,
The swine's shrill clarion echoes o'er the plain—
Eve's usual serenade, around the trough
Teeming with swill or heaped with cobs and grain.

Within yon walls beneath the forest's shade
Screened from the summer-beams however thick,
Each to his desk, where many a prank is played,
Daily the urchins of the hamlet stick.

The ardent hope to learn their A B C,
The bible con, and scan each moral rule,
Or cypher to the golden Rule of Three,
Shall often draw their footsteps to the school.

Whilst still, at home, for them the hearth shall blaze,
And busy mothers ply their tender care,
Their fathers with accustomed fondness gaze,
Or make, in turn, their listening children stare.

Oft shall the sugar camp its sweetness yield,
And oaks succumb to their repeated stroke;
Oft shall they roll huge logs, high heaped afield,
And make the stumps through many an acre smoke.

Mock not, ye city fops! their annual toil,
Their destiny obscure, and rustick jokes;
Nor hear, ye belles! with a disdainful smile,
The simple annals of these country folks.

The rage for politicks, the dust of towns,
Nor all that Fashion, all that Style imparts,
Unrelished by the taste of simple clowns,
Kindles no lust of glory in their hearts.

Nor you, ye erudite, so deeply read,
Whose brains the lust for Science may have crazed,
Blame the poor children whom their sires ne'er led
To be for literary honours praised.

Can all the bays that criticks ever gave
Indent a furrow in yon vale or hill?
Can party zeal the peasant's harvest save,
Or grandeur help to send one grist to mill?

Perhaps e'en now within some neighbouring cot
Hearts fraught with native talents may be hid,
Heads which, had they in colleges been taught,
Might know us much as Bacon's ever did.

But Providence to these poor girls and boys
Spreads not the page of Time's historick scroll;
Hard work the springs of genius oft destroys
And drives the dreams of Fancy from the soul.

Full many a lad in these back woods is seen
To tree a squirrel or pursue a deer,
And many a dairy maid or cottage quean
Moves Cynthia like within her humble sphere.

Some Washington in whose intrepid breast
The seed of patriotism with life was sown,
Some bard of Milton's powerful muse possessed
Passes perchance his fruitless days unknown.

The applause of simpering coxcombs to command,
In feats of war and gaming to engage,
To call down judgments on a groaning land,
And stain with infamy the historick page

Their lot forbids: nor does it merely stint
The fumes of passion and their growth in ill;—
Far from *that* Taste which rules the world of print,
Fame never speaks of them—and never will.

Free from the guilt of these ambitious knaves
Who in their country's wrongs record their shame
Averse from sailing on the boisterous waves
Which toss the players of a higher game:

They midst the maddening crowd's licentious strife
From sober wishes ne'er were led astray,—
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet though remote from Fashion's giddy whirl,
And having barely learnt to read and spell,
There's scarce a boy in all the school, or girl,
Devoid of emulation to excel.

Nor wholly dead are they to love of Fame
From which so few of Adam's race are free,
Since many a beech-bark, scratch'd with many a na
Betrays their hope of perpetuity.

And who that merits not the name of dunce,
E'er lost the wish of being borne in mind;
Or left the school's frequented haunts, nor once
Despatched a longing lingering look behind?

On each fond breast the boon companion leans,
Some pledge of early friendship to impart;
Nor can life's cares and all its busy scenes [heart.
Quite wipe the impressions from the schoolboy's

Of him who, mindful of the juvenile throng,
Thus mingles with their own his artless tale,
If, unpresuming, he may bid the song
Fill with its cadency the passing gale—

Haply, without offence, it may be said,
That from the busy walks of men withdrawn,
Here the Recluse, by whim or duty led,
Found an asylum in these woods and lawn;

Where, far removed from Folly and from Care,
That fill the heart of feeling with distress,
He laboured hard, by piety and prayer,
To win *his* smile that has the power to bless.

Oft in yon grove at night, or early morn,
Listening to wisdom's dictates he would rove,
Now drooping, woful man, like one forlorn,
Now gladdened by the smiles of heavenly love.

At length he vanished from his favourite wood
Where some supposed to stay he always meant;
Nor could the wisest of the neighbourhood
Find out, with all their shrewdness, *why* he went.

Yet did he not, when thus he went away,
Go without first exhibiting his mind,
And thou (if so disposed) mayst read the lay,
Which he contrived to pen and leave behind.

Here lately dwelt, on this still spot of earth,
One who desired to pass through life unknown;
He moral prized, and intellectual worth,
More than the pelf for which so many groan.

High were his views, though oft his aim he missed,
Yet heaven did not his labours quite contemn;
He gave hard rubs to minds much prejudiced,
And, in return, he gained hard rubs from them.

It matters little who were once his foes,
Nor what those sentiments which they deem'd odd:
He sought seclusion from the world, and chose
To tread incognito the path he trod.

SOLILOQUY.

Scene Locust Ridge—Time Midnight.

The steeps, at last, majestick stream!* I climb,
Whither, so oft, my infant fancy strayed,
Pleased with the hope that in the lapse of time,
I might be lodged in these broad realms of shade.

Here let me muse. The stillness of the night,
Yon constant flow, that meets the southern breeze,
The moon's pale lustre, all, with force invite
My harassed heart to meditative ease.

Come, cool Reflection, lull those thoughts to rest,
To which the spirit of this world is prone;
Come like a queen, and in this care-tost breast,
Spread a bland influence round thy hallow'd throne.

In days, now past, when passion's power prevailed
No placid charm could sylvan scenery yield;
For then my heart was by the world impaled,
And Feeling was against Devotion steeled.

Now, by a miracle, this heart can feel,
And glow with joys Religion only gives;
My soul in deep prostration *now* can kneel,
And whilst it kneels in adoration, lives.

* The River Ohio.

For this sweet boon nocturnal hymns shall rise
From me, an atom groveling in the dust,
In pious praise to HIM, the only wise,
Beneath whose wing my soul has learnt to trust.

And can it be that e'er my flimsy mind
The flow of loyal homage durst withhold;
To love celestial be so deaf, so blind,
So dull, so dead, and obdurately cold?

I shudder whilst in retrospect I gaze
On the mad pranks and follies of my youth,
When Errour's clouds obscured the wondrous blaze,
Which streams for ever from the sun of Truth.

How thick those shades which hovered round my soul,
When philosophick pride my judgment led;
When sensual lusts my heavenly portion stole,
And with coarse husks my heart's affections fed!

Ah! could not then some kind fraternal hand
Stay my bold flight and draw me back to good;
No voice, availingly, persuade to stand,
And view the precipice on which I stood?

None! for no hand, though many a hand was near,
Was able to repress my desperate speed!
No voice, though voices thundered in mine ear,
The ruin at my feet could make me heed!

I would not hear. For, like the adder, deaf,
My spirit then, against the charmer's voice,
Which charms so wisely, shut in unbelief,
Chose death, not life and madly held its choice.

Despotick Self his iron sceptre swayed,
As undisputed king and sovereign lord,
And every vassal-faculty obeyed
With courtier readiness and prompt accord.

Now whilst the fire of deep conviction burns,
And wakes the thirst for everlasting good,
I gladly fly from life and life's concerns
To feast on Hope in awful solitude.

Oft to those shades contemplatively led,
Shall midnight stillness woo my vagrant feet,
And there, whilst heavenly dews light on my head,
May my enamoured heart and wisdom meet.

For in true stillness, I, at length, have found
Wisdom delights, and dwells for ever there;
Since there no active thought, nor busy sound
Can interrupt the silent breath of prayer!

SONNET.

To Thomas Jefferson, late President of the U. S.

Among the various voices that are heard
To usher thee to thy loved Monticello,
Mine claims a place; nor will I be deterred
From joining in the universal bellow—
Not thinking it by any means absurd
To pay my court to such a clever fellow.
Hear then, O philosophick wight! the song
Which welcomes thee to thy admir'd retreat,
Where thro' the bushes, Echo shall repeat
The loud *vox populi*—in sweet ding-dong.
So shall the serenade (now made complete)
Of musical *address*, that hails thee home,
Soothe, like new milk, thy spirit: and, as sweet,
Distil like honey from the honey-comb!

SONNET.

On recovering from a fit of sickness.

ADDRESSED TO ELIZA.

How weak the language seems, that would impart
The feelings that are wont to overflow
The narrow limits of a grateful heart,
When sunk beneath the oppressive hand of woe!
Elizabeth! think not, though weak the verse,
That fain the debt of gratitude would pay,
Think not, sweet friend, the kindness of *the nurse*
Shall unrequited be by this mean lay;—
For, whilst it speaks thy virtues, though in rhymes
All inharmonious as thou seest they are,
The simple sonnet to succeeding times
Thy poet's thanks shall, peradventure, bear—
And that same gratitude which prompts the verse
Shall be itself a garland for the *nurse*.

SONNET.

Written during a voyage to Europe.

From night's dark chamber fair Aurora hies,
Decked like a bride in all the rainbow's hues,
Her beamy beads she strings along the skies
And sips, from Neptune's cup, the saline dews:
Delighted ocean lifts aloft his hands, [pray
And breathes with panting voice the grateful
Whilst zephyrs break from their terrestrial bands
And, o'er the waves, the car of Commerce bea
The huge leviathan, around our bark
From length to length rolls his enormous way
The glittering dolphin and the greedy shark
Sport on through life—for all their life is pla
All sport but man! he, desolate and dark
Tugs at the oar of Care and groans through
short day!

SONNET.

Written during a calm at sea.

, midst the calm, we see, with sickening dread,
e cheerless prospect fills the horizon round;
crew, in vain, the useless canvass spread;
d vainly listen for the breeze's sound.
id Languor takes the inconstant helm,
d bids the stoutest heart confess her sway;
mile of Pleasure, *Ennui's* yawns o'erwhelm,
d Hope retreats before the fiend Dismay.
hip, in anguish, rolls from side to side,
id heaves aslant the sky-indenting mast
v emblematick of rebellious pride!)
at finds no comfort till it feels the blast.
nguish I, O Lord! till thou shalt please
in my spirit with thy *quickening* breeze.

ACROSTICK

Addressed to my dear little —— ——

STRANGER to this next scene of joy and woe,
  Allow the poet, from his still retreat,
Respectfully a welcome to bestow,
  And place, by way of homage at thy feet.
Hail! little maiden whom I love unseen,
  Because thy friend from whom thou takest thy name
As well as thy dear mother, matchless Jane,
  Claim my warm love and must forever claim.
O, if the prayer which my affection sends,
  Near to the throne of mercy's smile benign,
Might now ascend, the charms of both my friends
  United in *thee* should richly shine.
Remember then, sweet babe, when elder grown,
  Recorded thus, the pious wish erects
A monument of Love, that shall make known
  Young as thou art, what Hope from thee expects.

FABLES.

ORIGINAL FABLES.

ENVY.

THE TWO ROSES.

The sweetest Rose that ever bloomed
Was one that, with insidious sip,
Beneath Eliza's smile, presumed
To pilfer fragrance from her lip.

All blushing with the sweets it stole,
Upon Eliza's snowy breast,
The flowret, like a burning coal,
Contrasted loveliness expressed.

An envious Rose, as yet uncropped,
That eyed her with malignant spite,
Exulted when Eliza dropped
Her favourite object of delight.

Eliza left the garden walk
That circumscribed her loved parterre,
When thus the rose upon the stalk,
Addressed the one that perished there:

"Poor thing! and didst thou then suspect
Thy tints thy neighbour's tints surpassed?
As if Eliza *could* neglect
To pin what much she valued fast!

Thy own vain heart how much it erred
Not to distinguish taste from whim;
For, hadst thou been to us preferred
Thy dress would have been kept as pr

The expiring flower looked up and smile
(Too languid to lift up its head)
Then, like Simplicity's own child,
With christian meekness mildly said:

"Why, blooming sister, dost thou speak
Harsh words to one thou deemest so l
Thy warmer *blush* becomes her cheek
Whose heart derides another's woe.

But let this pass. A better plea
Sustains me in this dying hour;
Eliza's friendship places me
Beyond the blast of Envy's power.

All bow beneath the hand of Time.
Thou, soon, my sister! must decay.
I have enjoyed a cloudless prime,
And pass, without regret, away.

E'en in the cold embrace of Death,
Whilst now my energies decline,
I feel, I feel Eliza's breath,
Uniting all its sweets with mine.

Thus, though fast-fading, here, I lye,
Estranged from my Eliza's breast,
One certain pledge, my latest sigh,
Shall tell how truly I was blest."

That lingering sigh, invoked, at last,
Proclaimed the envied Rose's death,
By pouring on the evening blast
Sweets blended with Eliza's breath.

Unplucked the wretched rival drooped,
Quite withered from that very hour;
For lo! a canker-worm had scooped
The heart away and spoilt the flower!

SINCERITY.

THE VIOLET.

ADDRESSED TO MARY OF ERIN.

Ranged in Flora's gay parterre
The flowrets of the season vie,
With Coquetry's extremest care
To fascinate the wandering eye.

Queen of the blooming *bells* the Rose
Sits on her elevated stalk,
And, like a bounteous princess, throws
Redundant sweets in every walk.

What various passions creep to light
When peerless Beauty lifts the head?
Pale Envy turns that lily white,
And Choler yon carnation red.

And every streak, and tinge, and tint
(Thus warped by Slander into guile)
Betrays by many a jealous squint,
How Hatred looks beneath a smile.

While each ambitious *rival* burns
With spiteful hope to eclipse the rest,
The plain and friendly VIOLET spurns
The gnawing demons from her breast;

And stooping modestly beneath
The foliage which around her plays,
She banquets on the Rose's breath,
And on her charms delights to gaze.

FABLES

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF FLORIAN.

OSTENTATION.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE PEACOCK.

A sweetly pensive Nightingale,
To sooth the ear of Echo, flung
The musick of a moving tale
Which on the Zephyr's bosom hung.

The Peacock, sultan like, hard by,
Who held an undisputed reign,
With head erect and haughty eye,
Thus turned the cadence of the strain:

"How grossly vanity presumes
To break the quiet of the grove,
As if *that* beak, *those* eyes and plumes
Displayed the blandishments of love!

If Beauty, sole, can celebrate
The passion of the fair and young,
What pertness to presume to prate,
Where every Peacock holds his tongue!"

"'Tis true, indeed," said Philomel,
"And in this difference I rejoice,
That while at eve, my plaints I tell,
My only merit is my voice.

Whilst *thou*, whose cross-grained arrogance,
Is pleased at sound and sense to rail,
To silence doomed, through ignorance,
Canst boast of nothing but thy tail.

Exteriour charms, howe'er refined,
No true affection can impart,
For Love is blind, and being blind,
He speaks directly to the heart.

FLATTERY.

THE LADY AND THE BEE.

Sylvia, in her dressing room,
Was at her toilet, once, employed,
The scent of many a rich perfume
Thither a strolling Bee decoyed.

At his intrusion, helpless quite,
And in a woful panick, she
Called out for help, with all her might,
To save her life and kill the Bee.

With promptitude the servants fly,
When lo! the winged monster skips,
As if their vengeance to defy,
And settles upon Sylvia's lips.

She swooned away; when Susan caught
The ravager she meant to slay;
But he, adroitly, thus besought
The swooning mistress as she lay.

"Thy mouth, O Sylvia! seemed a rose
Which I"—at once no longer sick,
On Susan's wrath soft smiles she throws
And her cross sentence changes quick.

Was she, or was she not to blame?
This question, reader! is for thee,
Thou, I suspect, wouldst do the same,
If bribed with such sweet Flattery.

PLAIN DEALING.

THE SQUIRREL AND THE LEOPARD.

squirrel that, with nimble spring,
Loved oft from branch to branch to jump,
issed one to which he meant to cling,
And down, of course, he tumbled plump;—

nd would no doubt have hurt himself
Had not a Leopard, napping there,
eceived, upon his back, the elf,
From his excursion in the air.

ow both were frightened we may guess!—
The Leopard, starting from his nap,
'as just about to do no less
Than give the trespasser a rap.

ut he, poor fellow! lowly knelt
And begged for mercy with such skill,
hat, in a trice, the Leopard felt
Pity his royal bosom fill.

hen, after he had weighed the plea,
And made a most sagacious pause,
e raised the suppliant from his knee
And terminated, thus, the cause:

Thy life I spare,—provided thou
Wilt tell me, by what magick art,
'hou *daily skipp'st* from bough to bough,
With so much gaiety of heart.

Whilst I, with far more strength and power,
A prey to Lethargy or Spleen,
Pass in the forest all my hours
Without one glad-made laugh between."

"Sire!" said the Squirrel, "you bestow
Your bounty with so kind a hand,
That I am bound to let you know,
With truth, the secret you demand.

But, to perform this duty, sire!
Your clemency must first permit,
That, on that branch—a little higher—
(Howe'er unworthy) I may sit."

"Mount!" said the Leopard. "I obey,"
The Squirrel cried; and up he got;
Then, in his own plain-dealing way,
He thus harrangued him on the spot:

"With ease I now perform the task
And fearlessly my counsel give;
For all the secret that you ask,
Is—but to live as squirrels live.

A life of innocence is mine;
And all the knowledge I possess
Proves that a ruffian life, like thine,
Can ne'er abound with happiness.

My heart is pure. I feed on nuts
And find my passions all serene;
For Temperance every crevice shuts
Against all Apathy and Spleen.

Thou, whose carnivorous appetites
  Destroy the tenants of the wood,
Placest thy gluttonous delights
  In mangled carcases and blood.

Thy joys—if I can call them so—
  Are selfish; and thou must not dream
That churlishness can ever know
  Aught but a wretchedness extreme.

I with my brother squirrels share
  My nuts, my leaves, my fruits, my all,
Believing that I'm bound to spare
  What good I can at every call.

Learn then this truth, which I disclose,
  Holding my father's maxim fast—
When happiness from virtue flows,
  True cheerfulness must always last.

FRIENDSHIP.

THE EAGLE AND THE DOVE.

Descendant of that royal race
Who hold the empire of the air,
An Eagle kept his native place
And basked in the meridian glare.

Olympian hills and solar flame
Were so familiar to his sight,
That even they, in time, became
Incapable to give delight.

The royal bird, grown tired of these,
Forsook the regions of the sky,
In hopes that novelty might please
With colours of a softer dye.

Upon a rock he built his nest
And gained that snug asylum there,
In which his spirit found a rest
Which corresponded with his prayer.

A gentle Dove, his neighbour, long
The very same retreat had chose,
Where, far from life's tumultuous throng,
She found a shelter and repose.

A friendship soon was formed between
The monarch bird and tender Dove,
Whose intercourse displayed a scene
Of social harmony and love.

The Eagle oped his princely heart,
And, with a sigh of sad despair,
Informed the Dove of many a smart
Which long uncured had festered there.

"Thy happiness," the Dove replied,
In answer to his tale, "is sure,
If suffering me to be thy guide,
Thou wilt accept the proffered cure."

The bargain struck, away they flew
Through many a grove and rural vale,
Sipped the pure rill and morning dew,
And snuffed fresh spirits from the gale.

At length they reached a shady grot
Where Philomela sweetly sung,
And where, in fact, the cheerful spot
With every note of rapture rung.

The bliss-inspiring Dove, beside,
Gave sentiment and sense a tone,
By which the Eagle saw she tried
To make her happiness his own.

So well his confidence she gained
That to his joy-o'erflowing breast
This charming Dove the Eagle strained,
And thus his thankfulness expressed:

"Felicity estranged from crowds
Whose passions Gold or Glory charms
Is found (if found! below the clouds)
In friendship's and affection's arms."

NATURAL CHARACTER.

THE DOVE AND THE KITE.

A Dove who every method tried
To be a mother long, in vain,
With disappointed feelings sighed,
Wept, stroked her plumes and sighed again.

One day, in a deserted nest,
As forth she rambled through the groves,
She found an egg which was, she guessed,
From outward evidence, a dove's.

Thrice happy me! the bird exclaimed,
O'erjoyed, with true maternal tone,
No longer shall I be ashamed
To have no offspring of my own.

This egg I'll hatch! and when the shell
By incubation warmed shall burst,
With fondness more than I can tell
My little darling shall be nurst.

These cares will animate my mind
And soothe the pains of sorrows past,
And in my growing Hopes I'll find
Life's all-consoling balm at last.

So saying without more ado
She placed herself within the nest,
And, with a heat she then first knew,
Her egg with downy plumage prest.

Three weeks elapsed when she beheld
The object of her cares and sighed :—
The sighs which now that bosom swelled
Spoke feelings of maternal pride.

Glued to her nestling day and night
She only seemed to live for it,
Hung o'er it with renewed delight
And never once the cradle quit.

The bantling cherished with such care
Grew finely—none could better grow ;—
For never did its mother spare
One effort that she could bestow.

Her own resemblance, fancy feigned
In every feature of the child,
Whose dove-like form her plaudits gained
Although its air was rather wild.

The mother taught her infant charge
With all the zeal a parent could,
And oft on doctrines would enlarge
To make her pupil wise and good.

"Thy happiness," she oft declared,
"On two important points depends ;
Let peace of mind thy bosom guard ;
And cultivate the love of friends.

For we enjoy ourselves the most
When love and harmony are ours ;
Hence let it ever be thy boast
To love all birds with all thy powers."

Whilst thus the sage preceptress preached,
A chaffinch lost its poise above,
And, tumbling through the branches, reached
The oratory of the Dove.

The foster-child, perceiving, flew
Upon the stranger as he fell,
Which made the Dove suppose he knew
And welcomed one he loved so well.

The applause she was prepared to spend
Now faltered in her clammy throat;
For soon his sanguinary beak
Was in the stranger's blood afloat.

And when the imp with aspect grim
The blood of innocence had shed,
He tore the chaffinch, limb from limb,
And on the mangled carcase fed.

In deep despair, with broken heart,
The mother yields him to his fate,
Convinced that no terrestrial art
Could change perverseness so innate.

Whence we suppose our tale will prove
To folks who strive in Nature's spite,
That it is hard to make a dove
From the materials of a kite.

CONTENTION.

THE TWO LIONS.

On Africa's shore, a scarce visited spot,
Where the sun rolls his chariot so blazingly hot
As to burn up the grass, with a thirst-famished look,
Two grim looking lions once met at a brook,
Where scantily dribbling the streamlet displayed
The last feeble effort of some dying naiade,
Whose murmurs o'erheard, like the sounds of Despair
Attracted at once our fierce visitants there.
Together their throats—if they both had agreed
To follow the counsel of advocate *Need*
Who uttered aloud that he could not help thinking,
How much a good fellowship adds to good drinking,
Their throats, I repeat, they, with ease might have
drenched [quenched.
And the thirst that was parching them happily
But Pride stood between them and put in his word,
And thundered so loud that he, only, was heard.
Resolving to drink by himself each one's eyes
Howled fiercely and measured the other's huge size,
Who stiffening the mane up the battle defied
And lashed, with his tail, the whole length of his side;
Then roaring and griping together with spite,
They filled the whole neighbourhood round with
affright,

Which like the loud drum or the war whoop of fame
Scared many a tiger far off to his den.

In anger and courage so equally matched,
This combat was not in such hurry despatched
As that in which Hector Achilles engaged,
When lust of Ambition their bosoms enraged;
For, in this latter conflict, as friend or as foe,
Our heroes drew not one celestial below.
Left to fight by themselves they with vehemence fell
And worried, till, spent, they could worry no more;
When, ceasing their horrible struggle at length,
Not for want of good will to pursue it, but strength,
All covered with wounds and half dead, they lay down
To seek that repose on the bed of renown,
Which history tells us great heroes have sought
Confined to the place where their battles were fought.
Our lions endeavoured to drink where they dropped
But during the contest the water had stopped,
And there, on the field of their glory, aghast, fled
These sons of presumption soon breathed out their

Well! what of this story? Read, reader, thy shame,—
The lions were silly and thou art the same;
For anger, presumption, and folly, and strife
Consume with vexations thy moment of life:
Lo! men are those lions my fable displays;
The water that ceases to flow is—their days!

OLD AGE.

THE DOVE AND THE LINNET.

A LINNET, beautiful and young,
That hopped about from spray to spray,
Full of her sweet enjoyments, sung,
And passed the fleeting hours away.

There lived in the same neighbourhood,
A pensively sequestered Dove,
Who in the shades of solitude,
Devoted all her hours to love.

"How," to the Linnet, once she cried,
"How much, my friend, I pity thee,
Who hast no lover; for, beside,
What can confer felicity?

Tell, if thou please, what song or air,
Or aught that forms a Linnet's bliss,
Can with the sweets of love compare—
The joys of an enrapturing kiss?"

"I meddle not," the Linnet said,
"With what to things of love belongs;
I merely follow up my trade
And find contentment in my songs."

The Dove at this indulged a pet,
And from her neighbour flew away,
Whom for ten years she never met;
Nor had, it seems, a word to say.

But *then*, one charming day in spring
Brought them together as of yore—
Though time, that alters every thing,
Had chang'd the charms which once they wore.

Her friend the Linnet recognised,
And kindly asked her how she did,
And how her lovers?—quite surprised,
The plaintive Dove the inquirer chid:

"Ah! name them not, my dear," she cried
"All, all are gone, for ever gone!
Youth, pleasures, friendship, love," and sighed,
"Like night's pale stars at morning's dawn.

"Fool that I was!" pursued the Dove,
"To think that all felicity
Was but to please, was but to love—
Since those I love now love not me!"

"Much less than thine," the songstress cries
"Is all the loss that I bewail;
For though in age I've lost my voice
I listen to the Nightingale."

No lasting happiness, we find,
Can Beauty without talents give;
Whilst the well educated mind
Can feast on joys that others give.—

DIFFIDENCE AND PRESUMPTION.

THE CANARY BIRD AND THE CROW.

Two cages once, as we have heard,
Within the same apartment hung;
In one, a sweet Canary bird
Her strains mellifluously sung.

A Crow, in t'other, screamed and bawled,
Without the power or wish to please,
And, with incessant clamour, called
For toast and crumbs, or scraps of cheese.

To end the Crow's discordant croak,
All hands with promptitude applied,
And never, when the chatterer spoke,
Were his imperious claims denied.

The diffident Canary long,
Whether supplied with crumbs or not,
Charmed every listener with her song,
But never importuned for aught.

At length, though praised and still admired,
None of her friends had wit to think,
That their sweet chorister required
The boon, at least, of food and drink.

ed to the members of the Quintilian Society.

Ye, whom I now address, who wish to gain
e road which leads to Wisdom's hallowed fane,
Pursue, let me implore, your eager way
Enlightened by fair Science' genial ray.

Although the path ye have begun to tread
Is long and dreary, and, in truth, o'erspread
With difficulties; yet shall Time and Care
Make it, as ye would wish it, smooth and fair.

The industrious ploughman who, with caution, bends
Over his daily drudgery, and wends
Slowly, though surely, at his oxen's heels,
Like you the spirit of impatience feels;

But lo! at length, his plough the labourer stops
To gaze with pleasure on those *golden* crops
Which every highly cultivated field
Is bound, in liberal gratitude, to yield.

From this expressive simile we learn
That they, it seems, and only they, who earn,
By dint of constant labour, long and hard
Get and enjoy, at last, the rich reward.

The ready hand which with incessant toil
Digs and manures the surface of the soil
Is honestly repaid; for sure and soon,
The welcome summer brings her annual boon.

And see! with what alacrity that hand
Receives the offered tribute of the land
When bleeds the teeming grape, and its rich juice
Becomes refined and rendered fit for use!

Strive then with zeal, nor shall ye strive in vain,
To reach the portal of Minerva's fane,
Whence ye shall snatch a laurel leaf to shade
Your brows with honours—honours not to fade.

Yet let me ask this Wisdom-seeking band
Who now around with fixed attention stand,
If there be not amongst you, one or more
Whom sadness and despondency devour,

And who by sinking under the fatigue
Of study, never hope to snatch one sprig?
Yes! doubtless, there are some who now exclaim,
Maugre the inspiring trumpet-sound of Fame—

That sound which animates the bold and strong,
"I cannot march the road appears too long!"
'Tis long indeed! I own, and drear enough
To put each resolution to the proof;

But, suffer me to add, the way ye choose
May, whilst it teaches Science, still amuse;
For lo! the Muses all, and every Grace
Shall with their charming presence cheer the place

Which this society now occupies,
Claiming the sanction of the good and wise.
Hither let me invite you then to haste
To form at once your manners, judgment, taste,—

According to the comprehensive rule
Laid down by Plato in Minerva's school,—
By *polishing* and *strengthening* the mind,
With genuine Learning, from its dregs refined,

And captivating both old age and youth
With scientifick elegance and truth.
Strive then with zeal; nor shall ye strive in vain,
To reach the portal of Minerva's fane;

Whence ye shall snatch a laurel leaf to shade
Your brows with honours—honours not to fade.
To purge, at once, your hearts from all foul leas
Of self-indulgence, indolence, and ease,
Allow the friendly bard, who greets you well
One of plain good old Esop's tales to tell.

THE FABLE.

A discontented ass who saw
A lazy grunter at his ease
Cried, "I, who labour, eat but straw,
And he who toils not, corn and pease:

Blows are my portion, early, late,—
Him various hands with dainties ply."
Whilst thus he wailed his hapless fate
He saw some folks approach the sty.

Enured to slaughter, they appeared
Accoutred as befits their trade;
The pig was tripped, an arm was reared
That plunged into his heart the blade.

"If such their doom," exclaimed the ass
"Who live in idleness and ease,
My future days I'll freely pass
Without a wish for corn and pease."

LITERARY FABLES

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF YRIARTE.

THE ELEPHANT AND OTHER ANIMALS.

In days of yore and realms remote,
When every brute employed his throat
To give his thoughts a vocal dress,
In one or many languages;
An Elephant, who felt a zeal
Wisely to serve the commonweal,
Had noticed how abuses swarmed,
Which he supposed should be reformed.
For this good purpose he convokes
A meeting of the *country* folks,
Whom (after lowly bowing to)
He urged to take a *candid view*,
And smoothing matters, at the start,
In an exordium conned by heart.
But on the subject warmer grown,
He soon assumed a harsher tone,
And without further hems or halts,
Condemned a thousand obvious faults;
Many vices next assailed,
And lashed some *habits* which prevailed:

Such as a shameful indolence,
Stiff affectation, impudence,
Malicious envy, treachery,
And arrogant stupidity.

Some of the audience, it appears,
With open mouths, as well as ears,—
To wit, the *harmless* lamb and dove,
The pointer, full of *loyal* love,
The *patient* horse, the *industrious* bee,
The ant, that *working* prodigy,
The finch, whose voice is praised so high,
The plumage-spangled butterfly,—
Had listened, all, to what they heard,
So as to *swallow* every word.

But of the hearers there were some
Who took offence, and looked quite *grum*;
And scarcely would attention pay
To what the "babbler" had to say.
The *ravenous* wolf, the tiger *grim*,
With indignation scowled at him;
The serpent, *then*, a demon quite,
Belched out the poisonous breath of spite,
And with hoarse *buzz*, and *murmuring* tone,
The hornet fierce, the idle drone,
The wasp, and bloody yellow-jacket,
Kicked up a most tremendous racket.
Of those so restless, rude, and loud,
Some actually left the crowd;

Because, it seems, *they took the hints*,
And, like galled jades, were forced to wince.
Of these, the cricket skipt away,
Nor could the moth or locust stay.
The sulky martin snapt and chid;
The fox, in smiles, his anger hid;
The monkey, last, more knave than fool,
Turned all the speech to ridicule.

—The Elephant, with all his phlegm,
Laughed almost out, and, crying hem!
To check, per force, the rising smile,
Concluded in the following style:
"The hints, my friends, which I let fall,
Apply to *none*—apply to *all*;
His guilt who feels the sting, appears;
Who feels not, needs not stop his ears."

These Fables, *so*,—'tis very plain—
Are not addressed to *France*, or *Spain*,
Nor any *one* peculiar spot,
But every place, no matter what.
Nor are they to *this* age confined,—
For faults are common to mankind;
And since there is no pointed aim
Of fixing individual blame,
If he who feels the smart declare it,
The cap fits *him*—so let him wear it.

THE SILK-WORM AND THE SPIDER.

A SPIDER who, one day, had framed,
Her flimsy web, with pride, exclaimed,
To mortify a silk-worm neighbour,
Whom she perceived in earnest labour,
"What thinkst thou of *my* work, my friend,
In so small time brought to an end?
Early this morning 'twas begun,
And now, though scarcely noon, 'tis done.
Observe how *even*, and how *fine!*—
How closely twisted every line!"—
"Yes! said the worm, and drily grins,
It shews how fast a *Spider spins*."

A BEAR, with which a Piedmontese
His living earns, or rather begs,
Had taken bachelor's degrees,
As dancer on his hinder legs.

One day the bear asked neighbour Pug.
To give her judgment of his skill;
Pug was a judge, and, with a shrug,
Protested that he danced but ill.

"*Ill?*" why, replied the coxcomb bear,
"You must be very hard to please;
What! have I not a *genteel* air?
And don't I *do* the steps with *ease*?"

The hog, who happened to be by,
And of another judgment quite,
Not able to contain his joy,
Grunted out "bravo!" at the sight.

At hearing this, the dancer, now,
Settled the matter in his mind,
And, with a modesty-smoothed brow,
Uttered a language of this kind:

"The *censure* which the monkey passed,
Led me my dancing skill to doubt;
But since the hog *applauds*, at last,
I am *convinced* I must be *out*."

Accept two lines—(I copy them
Because I think them brief and terse:)
Bad is that work the wise condemn,
But if the fools applaud it, worse.

THE BEE AND THE DRONES.

The drones, a well known idle race,
One day, in some convenient place,
Were called together to debate
About important things of state.
They one and all sought some pretence
To evade the charge of Indolence,
Which every mother's son had known
Was well applied to every drone.
And to shake off so foul a charge,
In sight of animals at large,
They, from the wisest to the dunce,
Agreed to go to work at once,
And with such pains as they would take,
A honey comb for once to make.

But, inexperienced in the trade,
And of their own success afraid,
They thought, by cunning, to devise,
A less laborious enterprize.
The project which they now contrive,
Was, from an ancient neighbouring hive,
To draw the corpse of an old bee,
Once famous for his industry;
Some pompous obsequies bestow,
And make a great parade of woe,
By celebrating, o'er his *bier*,
Such sorrow as the world might hear;

And, with sonorous dirge, proclaim
His honeyed and his waxen fame.

This project pleased them all so well,
That they adopted it, pell-mell;
When lo! a bee, then passing by,
This sharp sarcastick sneer let fly:
"Is *this* your work, ye idle crew?—
Why, all this buzz and strange ado
An't worth one drop (as I'm alive)
Of the worst drippings from *our* hive."

THE TWO PARROTS AND THE MASTER

From Saint Domingo once, a dame,
Took two pet parrots home to Spain;
But it so chanced (and may again)
The tongues they spoke were not the same.

One finely jabbered Spanish, while
French only filled the other's mouth;
For they had lived, one north, one south,
And learnt the language of the isle.

In a balcony, it appears,
The lady now her parrots fixed,
Where soon their French and Spanish mixed
Became a babel to one's ears.

For chattering off, with little wit,
Each marred her native dialect;—
Yet did they not, perhaps, suspect
The French and Spanish paid for it.

The French bird stole,—the story says—
From time to time, a word or two;
The Spanish pilfered not a few,—
Nay 'tis asserted, many a *phrase*.

The mistress separated them,
When the French parrot, with the alarm
Resolved to remedy the harm,
And every Spanicism condemn.

Not so the other. Still she claimed
That gibberish she had learnt by heart;
By which it seems, in many a part,
The true Castilian tongue was maimed.

She carried things to such extremes,
As to bawl out for *pease* in French;
When a learned magpie from the *bench*,
Expressed his scorn in horse-laugh screams:

But with a calm and brazen brow,
The parrot said (which, by the bye,
Was doing honour to the Pie)
"I am no PURIST such as thou."

How aptly does the MORAL strike!
Parrots and men—are much alike.

A MONKEY versed in many a prank,
Long 'prenticed to a mountebank,
One day (his master absent) sends
To invite a party of his friends,
Whom, soon attending, he invests
To witness some of his best feats.

And first, by holding in his breath,
He nicely counterfeited death;
Then, bouncing on the tightened string,
He nimbly danced dragoon-wing;
Next, rapidly, as if he flew,
A dangerous somerset he threw;
Then, tumbling from a *monstrous* height,
He saved his bacon by a sleight;
And, lastly, finished their surprise,
By going through the *exercise*.

With these, and many feats like these,
His friends the monkey strove to please,
When one astonishing manœuvre
Occurred to mind, as his chef d'œuvre,
Which was to represent a scene,
With painted glasses on the skreen;
Just as his master oft had shown
The magick lantern through the town.

According to his master's plan,
Pug with a laboured speech began,

Authoritative, pert, and loud,
To fix the attention of the crowd.
Whilst the crowd listened and admired,
Behind the curtain pug retired,
Making the figures on the glass
Before the dumb *spectators* pass,
And in a nimble-footed speech,
Explaining and expounding each.
The room was dark—(as was most fit)—
But though the listeners racked their wit,
And strained their eyes, they could not see
One glimpse of any prodigy;
Nor any strange nor curious matter,
'Bout which the monkey made such chatter.
Confused, at length, they had begun
To think that he was making fun,
And now to interrupt him ventured—
When suddenly pug's master entered,
Who, when informed, laughed at the joke,
Then, turning to the monkey, spoke:
"Since in the lantern there's no light,
What means thy clack, thou numscull wight?"

Pardon, ye votaries of the muses,
Whose style astounds us and confuses,
If *thus* I ask why you should be
At war with PERSPICUITY—
As if ye knew not every line
Is lost—where *clearness* does not shine!

In a cathedral, we are told,
A certain bell, that chimed or knolled,
  Only at stated times, was kept;
Then would it speak, three times or four,
With dignity, but seldom more;
  Which done, the bell in silence slept.

Its serious tone, its measured pause,
Its size—for large it seems it was,—
  And something not described, perhaps,
Had spread its fame the country round;
For far and wide was heard its sound,
  Not much unlike loud thunder-claps.

Adjacent to this city bell,
(Exactly *where* I need not tell)
  A half deserted village stood,
Whose population being small,
Could scarce afford a bell at all;
  Yet one they had—though not so good.

I say not good, for it was broke,
So that it jarred at every stroke,
  And sadly grated on one's ears:—
Yet still it might have answered well
The one *sound purpose* of a bell,
  For any thing that now appears.

But now, behold! the village people
Resolved to make their little steeple
  Vie with the belfry of the town,
By ringing it at stated times,
In solemn, pompous, measured chimes,
  Shrill herald of its own *renown*.

The moral of this fable strikes
At him, whoe'er he be, that likes
  To show his knowledge by grave looks;
As if, by rule, to move the lip
Could fix him in a *rivalship*
  With men of judgment and of books.

The fable I recite,
Whether wrong, whether right,
Has just occurred, and quite
By chance.

O'er yonder pasture lawn,
By hunger, no doubt, drawn,
An ass was passing on
By chance.

A flute was on the spot,
Which Corydon, I wot,
Or Thirsis, had forgot,
By chance.

The ass drew near to smell,
When, marvellous to tell!
He snorted in *so well*
By chance,

That the air, which sneaked about,
Made, in its passage out,
A most melodious shout
By chance.

The ass was heard to say,
"What musick *I* can play!
Yet folks persist that *mine*
Is musick assinine."

Without the rules of art,
An ass *may* get the start,
And act a clever part
By chance.

THE ANT AND THE FLEA.

Some people have a way so queer,
Of making light of all they hear,
That one is tempted to suppose
They know what any mortal knows.
For when they hear a thing, or see,
However new or rare it be,
They rate it low, to save their wit,
Which might be risqued by praising it.
This class of men shall not escape
My song of satire, though to shape
A fable for it into rhyme
Cost four-and-twenty hours of time.

A civil Ant once told a Flea,
How much it tax'd her industry
To lay provisions in; the mode
In which, when gathered, they were stowed;
The manner they their work performed,
And how they managed when they swarmed;
Their factories she next explains; [grains;
Tells where were lodged their different
Describes what loads they sometimes carried
What ceremonies, when they married;
With some minutiæ, which to us
Would seem intirely fabulous,
Did not acquaintance with them show
How much the ants—are said to know.

To all the Ant rehearsed, with pride
The silly, simpering Flea replied:
"I understand; 'tis well; indeed!
Doubtless; I know it; yes; agreed;
I've seen the same; why, I declare,
All this is neither new nor rare."
The Ant now bustling from her cell,
Appeased quite vexed, and cried out "well
Since nothing I have said is new,
Come, let me see what thou canst *do*.
Since thou appear'st so much to know,
Pray lend a hand, and kindly show
A pattern for us to work by."
The tartness of the Ant's reply
Touch'd the pert Flea, who, with a hop,
Declared she had not time to stop;
"Else," said she, "I would teach thee *how*
'Tis only—but I cant stay now—
In any labour to excel,
'Tis *but*—but business calls—farewell!"

A Pellitory from the wall,
On which it had been doomed to crawl,
Accosted thyme, an herb below,
With, "I am grieved to see thee so,
Diffusing far thy fragrance round
Though but six inches from the ground!"

The fragant flow'ret felt the taunt
Of her conceited neighbour-plant;
When pointing to her honoured head,
She raised her voice, and thus she said:
"I don't deny that I am small,
But, pr'ythee, do I climb the wall?
I'm short, but lo! I stand *erect*,
And claim not pity, but respect;
Whil'st thou, *weak thing*, ALONE, like I,
Could'st never sprout two inches high!"

Whene'er I see one author made
By sneaking in another's shade,
And on his labours cavilling climb,
I ply this sage retort of Thyme.

Beyond the isles called Philippine,
There's one which I have never seen,
Nor do I know its name, nor care—
I only say, no *hens* were there;
Till, peradventure, Captain Cook,
Or some one else, the first ones took,
Whose breed was such, the cheapest dish
Was, soon, of neither flesh nor fish,
But eggs, fresh eggs, which, for awhile,
Their usual custom was to boil;
(For so it seems the stranger taught,
And of no other mode they thought.)
Some one of them, however, tried,
And thought he liked them better, *fried*.
'Twas soon the *ton*; man, woman, child,
All liked them better fried than boiled.
Another the new fashion broached,
Of only eating them when *poached*.
The whim was good, and kept in use,
'Till some one strove to introduce
Forced meat of eggs,—when one and all
Praised it as loud as they could bawl.
Next *pancakes* came, and *omelets* too,
Which needs must please—for they were new.
A year or too had scarce gone by,
When some one else thought he would try
To dress his eggs with rich *tomatees*, ['tis!'
When "that's the thing!" they all cried, "the

This dish, in fact, pleased them so well
As always to have borne the bell,
Had not a stranger come, by chance,
And shown how folks eat eggs in France.
When lo! all hands plyed, in a trice,
To make their seasoning rich and nice,
And, with confectionary skill,
Kept adding and improving still—
Eggs spun out thick, then thin as silk,
Next in lozenges, or in milk,
In sherbet, or in conserves douced,
Or else with pickled pilchards sowsed,
Exhibited how many ways
Capricious Taste her power displays,
And proved that *folks are best contented*
With fashions lateliest invented.
At length, one day, a man of phlegm
These follies ventured to condemn,
By saying, in the public street,
To all he met, what I repeat:
"How vain, my countrymen, to boast
Of these changed stews, at so much cost,
Since all the praise, with all this fuss,
Is *his*, who brought the hens to us."
So many authours, now-a-days,
Patch up their scraps such various ways,
That it would seem they've brought these plagues
From our said isle—of cooking eggs,

THE GOOSE AND THE SERPENT.

A goose, in yonder creek, was heard
To say, with heart-felt glee,
"On *whom* has Heaven such gifts conferred,
As are bestowed on me?

On *earth*, in *water*, or in *sky*,
According to my whim,
I walk, or, if I choose, I fly,
And, if I choose, I swim."

A cunning serpent hearing this,
(For he, it seems, was near)
Beckoned the goose, and, with a *hiss*,
Thus whispered in her ear:

"Art thou so *smart*? And can'st thou hie
With deer-elastic limb?
Or can'st thou like the sacer fly,
Or with the barbel swim?

Remember it is wisely said,
In moral closely spun,
Than awkward jack of many a trade,
Proficient be in *one*."

If he is thought to be a fool,
  Deserving ridicule,
Whose looks proclaim, that he alone
  Knows *all* that can be known;
He who for *one* thing's only fit,
  Is not less void of wit.

On this wise, o'er a table spread,
  A shrewd umbrella said,
In dialect, perhaps, somewhat,
  Like that of Esop's pot:—
"Why neighbour Fan, and gooddy Muff,
  You must be precious stuff,
Since half the year, at least, you lie,
  Thrown in a corner by;
(For muffs in summer never stir,
  And fans give way to fur
In winter,) Thus thro' life you creep,
  And lose one half in sleep;
Whilst I, more serviceable found,
  Am used the whole year round;
And, rain or shine, am kept in call,
  Umbrella now, now *para-sol*.

On Tagus' fertile bank,
Where sugar-cane grows high and rank,
There, in a dialogue
With an experienced parent frog,
A tad-pole eyed the cane,
And spoke, in an admiring strain,
Of its fine leaves, and height,
And verdure,—which had charmed his sight.

Just then, it seems, a blast
Came on, and as by them it past,
It snapt the cane, and blew
A piece of it so near their view,
As leaves no room to doubt
It meant to help this story out:
"Behold!" the parent cried,
"*The thing* which shewed a fair *outside*,
So stiff, so tall, and green,
Yet every way *within* so mean!"

Craugasides's wit
The nail upon the head had hit,
Had some fine modern lay,
Instead of cane, been blown that way.

USTARD who had sense to know
r race was heavy, dull, and slow,
s willing to improve the breed,
as to move with nimbler speed.
, with this purpose in her breast,
bed of its eggs a linnet's nest,
l from the lanar's secret hole
iers, 'tis said, adroitly stole;
m partridge, dove, and pidgeon too,
pilfered some, and home she flew.
ny were addled; yet, at last,
he time of incubation past)
e brood came forth, a motley train,
d made the bustard mighty vain.
ulting now, with conscious crest,
e calls her neighbours to her nest,
d with consummate confidence
aits to hear their compliments:
hen, after a short moment's stay,
ey knew their kin, and bore away,
ch bird, respectively, her own,
d left poor bustard quite alone.

PLAGIARISTS, like her, ye would
aw fairly forth your bastard brood,
l that ye father would be claimed,
d ye stand naked and ashamed.

"Cease, brawler, cease!"—a swan th
To check the linnet's warbling voice
"Nor obstinately me provoke
To drown with mine thy feebler voi

"Right well thou know'st, that Fam
No voice like mine was ever heard,
The grace and sweetness of my airs
Surpassing those of every bird."

The little warbler still kept on,
Heedless, or rather unashamed;
Which raised the choler of the Swan
Who thus indignantly exclaimed:

"This insolence, thou noisy thing,
Provokes me,—but I still forbear;—
Yet know, that I forbear to sing
Because I would thy feelings spare."

"How much thy prudence I admire
Replies the tuneful, taunting bird;—
"But, if thou knew how I desire
To hear a voice yet never heard!

"O let me hear thy voice!" she cri
When, not perceiving she was jokin
The unwary Swan her talents tried,
And fell to creaking and to croaking

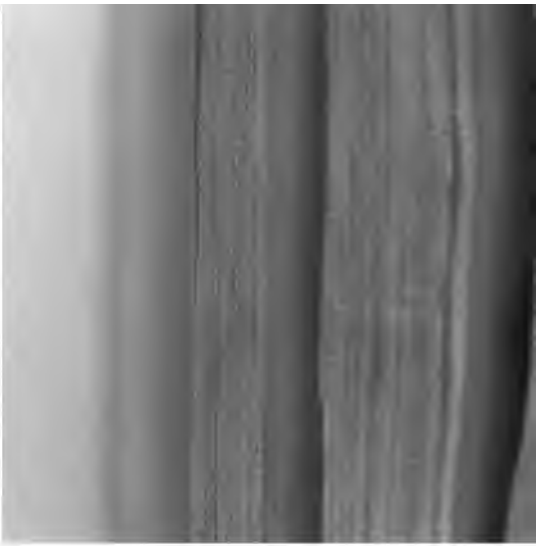
Thus have I known, and who has nc
Men, into reputation sneaking,
Experience it to be their lot
To lose it every whit by—speaking.

THE LEECH AND THE VIPER.

eech thus to a Viper said:
nce bleeding is our common trade,
l me what secret charm, I pry'thee,
: which thou must need'st bear with thee,
i men in thee full trust repose
: rank me with the worst of foes."
e Leech replied: "'tis true indeed,
h make the human body bleed;
; then this difference is plain—
bleeding lulls the sick man's pain,
ilst thou, with an invenomed breath,
ead of life, inflictest death."

ader! if thou a critick be,
y likeness thou may'st plainly see:
ense and candour mark thy speech,
ou art the poet's friendly Leech,—
t if malignity and spite,
y censure is the viper's bite.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.





MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.



NVITATION TO A WALK.

A ' let us climb this hill—
ıe last perhaps that we shall climb—
'e rove on thought at Fancy's will,
ıd muse upon the lapse of time.

delights me much to sketch
ıe prospect of Earth's varying scene,
ıs our eager eyes can stretch,
er nature's minatory mien.

re is full of change. Behold
hat proofs appear around this hill,
ıg, permanent, and manifold,
:claring she is never still.

: at that stream which runs, in haste,
ıd flings its gems, of solar flame,
:ly about, with lavish waste,
ke mountain torrents, whence they came.

see! how yon brisk Zephyr skips,
ith buoyant wing, along the glade,
re nods the grass, as with soft lips,
: kisses every balmy blade.

every high-hung leaf that swings,
ıd every root beneath these walks
oralising musick sings,
ıd Wisdom's language sweetly talks.

Their speech, Eliza, dost thou hear?
And know'st thou not what moves them thus?
O listen, with attentive ear,
For what they say is meant for us.

"Accept," they cry, "O source of Light,
That roll'st around thy blazing beam,
That homage which our hearts unite
In offering to the ONE SUPREME.

Thy vernal voice has called us forth,
From the dark dungeon where we lay,
Pent up in silence, nothing worth,
Excluded from the joys of day.

Roused into life, and made to feel
Thy gladdening glow of light and heat,
We, at thy holy threshold kneel,
And, day by day, our thanks repeat.

And this, as long as life shall last,
Shall be our sole felicity,
And when our little time is past
We'll consecrate our rest to thee.

Thou still hast power. Thy power exert,
Upon our dust which shall remain;
For light and heat can re-convert
Our ashes into form again.

Thus we, in spite of every change,
In praises shall our thoughts employ,
And through the fields of BEING range,
Alive or dead, with equal joy."

Why then should we who boast of mind,
Sigh heartless o'er our brittle crust,
Lamenting that it was not joined
To bones and fibres more robust?

Our feeble frames *must* soon dissolve;
As soon, the most athletick *may*;
And thousands, ere yon sun revolve,
Shall pass, forever pass away.

Then whilst o'er life's steep hill we lean,
On Faith's firm prop let us recline,
Quit at a call this shifting scene,
And never at our fate repine.

TO ELIZA ON HER CRITICISM

I.

Am I, Elizabeth, so stiff
As thou hast made me out,
At every turn to take a miff
And like a churl to pout?

Why, bless my soul! I never once
Supposed that I had been
Classed by my friends, as such a dunce
And so far gone in sin,

As, with a poet's warmth, to twitch
And snarl and raise the hoof,
Whenever they should shake the switch
Of critical reproof.

Tenacious as I own I am,
And always prone to err;
Believe me, though I be no lamb
I never was a cur.

And though my friends will not suppose
I am a *lion's* whelp,
This paper of forgiveness shows
I neither sulk nor yelp.—

A poet's feelings, all acute,
Must every censure feel,
As plainly as the stall-fed brute
The butcher's lash, or steel;

But love of moral worth imparts
A toughness to the skin,
Which keeps the critick's keenest darts
From entering deeply in.

So deep,—allow thy friend to say,—
As, without proper care,
Are apt to wound the *mind*, and lay
Its better feelings bare.

When, in a word, as poet, quick,
I feel the critick's thorn,
'Tis ten to one but I may kick,
Or turn about and horn:—

(Nor do I know that I am bound
In every hunt to yield;
Or slack my speed for every hound
That courses o'er the field.

Moreover, every critick knows,
And huntsmen too will say,
That every stag should face his foes,
Whene'er he stands at bay.)

Yet, more than mere poetick fame
Obliges me to place
The poor Recluse's rustick name
Upon a moral base.

For, what would be the benefit
To my mistaking muse,
If she, "to gain a world of wit,"
"A paradise should lose?"

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Therefore the bard no more contends
With anti-christian mien,
Against the judgment of his friends
As if he had the spleen.

For he, indeed, of sober mood,
Prefers the humbler aim,
Of being *merely* wise and good
To every other claim.

Then criticise with all thy might
The labours of the bard
Who stickles only for the right
Of Friendship's sweet regard.

THE WIND UP.

Thus in his forest the Recluse,
Whilst traversing his lonely way,
From taciturnity breaks loose
To fling his friend the final lay.

Far from the dusty walks of men,
He, druid-like, has stepped aside,
Resolved in mountain, glade, or glen,
A solitary life to hide.

If he once paced the path-way plain,
And scaled the scraggy steeps of strife,
Seeking as thousands seek, in vain,
Repose amidst the storms of life.

But, when persuaded, by plain proof,
That true enjoyment is not there,
He ventured to withdraw aloof,
Regardless of the distant blare.

Hence, oft, within his narrow nook,
O'er which yon foliage spreads its shade,
Employed with pencil, pen, or book,
He loiters in his *ambuscade*:

Whence suddenly he starts, at times,
As if by honest zeal impelled,
And pours his moral streaming rhymes,
Not seldom into torrents swelled.

Satyric now, with cutting thong,
He lashes Vice where it appears;
And now the mirth-fraught, baffling song
Flings in the face of Folly's sneers.

But chiefly o'er the woes of men,
Whose minds by prejudice are bent,
He bids his sorrow-sprinkling pen
Pour, from his urn the sad lament.

And once, of late, with verse uncouth,
In pity to thy loss of cash,
He undertook, my friend! to sooth
Thy feelings—not to cut and slash.

But ah! it seems, without design,
He hurt a heart already wrung;
For he suspected not that *thine*
So close to golden comforts clung.

Wherefore, behold, the dull Recluse,
Who owns that he has missed his way,
Breaks, once for all, from silence loose,
To utter thus his final lay.

And must I then, (he asks) indeed,
With sharp afflictions overborne,
From social intercourse secede,
And like an outlawed outcast mourn?

Yes! here, it seems, in silence pent,
Must every feeling be represt,
Without a hope to find a vent,
Deciduous, to another's breast.

For, when my sanguine muse believed,
That Friendship had an open ear
She spoke;—but found herself deceived
And caused it seems a friend to jeer.

Instructed now the timid muse,
Not to reciprocate the pain,
Promises never more to use
This much-prized privilege again.

And seeing that the poor Recluse
Has lost the object of desire,
He finds the thing of no great use,
And therefore throws away the lyre,—

And bids, with heart resolved, the shade
Of his seclusion thicken round,
Where, tho' the world may still upbraid,
No babbling breeze shall bring the sound.

And if it happen (as it may,
Since poets' vows are often vain,)
That he to give his feelings play,
Should ever seize the lyre again—

The sounds which it might then impart
Shall ne'er be wafted from his cell,
But hovering round him, sooth a heart
That needs the muse's pow'rful spell.

Thus anciently, when Israel's king,
Bade the beguiling minstrel play,
Lo! whilst his fingers prest the string,
The fiend of Sadness fled away.

THE BREAK LOOSE.

The solitary bard, once more,
Breaks forth, in his familiar way,
From his retreat as heretofore,
To mutter out his random lay.

Nor let the friend whom he addresses
Pass heedlessly the offering by;
Since the repentant muse confesses
She means to be no longer shy.

The apparatus of the mind
How oddly it is put together!
The fickleness of mine, I find,
Bears strong resemblance to the weather.

For, but a month or two are past
Since the Recluse "*wound up*" his strain,
When, like the nimble pinioned blast,
He breaks from silence loose again.

To day whilst I my ride pursued
I rambled further much than Bob,*
For he jogged homeward through the wood,
As if it was his only job.

Whilst I, as Fancy urged my speed,
Journeyed through regions unconfined.
And ere I left his back, indeed,
Had left the plodding world behind.

* My Horse.

This queer propensity to skip,
Like birds that hop from tree to tree,
Prevails with me again to dip
My pen in rhymes to throw at thee.

I found, as I myself surveyed,
With others, as I rode along,
That every man is some how swayed,
By *this* or *that*, to right or wrong.

And as I still pursued the theme,
Imagination took the rein,
And conjured up a kind of dream
Of pleasant whim-whams, in my brain.

Methought, nor shall an obscure phrase
The meaning of my mind offuscate,—
Methought that every man displays
A plain resemblance to a musket.

For, of the characters around,
Pick out—no matter who—some one,
And see if he will not be found
To be what I have said—a *gun*.

Now, what if all the difference lies
'Twixt man and man—whate'er his figure,
Knavish or honest, fool or wise,
In—how he is upon the *trigger!*

Some, like old firelocks, are so stiff
They scarcely will go off at all,—
Whilst others only need a whiff,
Their spring's resistance is so small.

Were this a satire, I could slash
The crowd of those phlegmatic folks,
Who go so hard they never flash
In puns, in repartees, or jokes.

These clock-work going men, sedate,
Walk, like an elephant, erect,
Whose nerves no trifles titillate,
Nor their majestic course affect.

Decorum is the word with them,
And improprieties unknown;
The reason is, their hearts are phlegm,
Their nerves all leather, cased in bone.

How different we, my friend, from those
Who, in their sleeves, are apt to snigger
At such as every body knows
Go with such ease upon the trigger.

A leaf, a feather, or a straw,
Tickles our nerves, and off we go,
In tangents from the moral law,
Like shafts from a deceitful bow!

THE AWKWARD REPLY.

TO MALVINA.

Dost thou, Malvina, also choose,
Up the Aonian hill to climb,
Invoking the propitious muse,
To pour on thee the gift of Rhyme?

Ah! me how little dost thou know
What various ills the bard surround,
On whom the partial maids bestow
The franchise of poetic ground.

Does FAME allure, with syren breath,
Thy footsteps up the steep ascent,
To win with toil the laureat wreath,
With glossy sprigs of bays besprent?

Alas! the guerdon of Renown
When earned, is never worth its cost!
And Honour's badge, like Virtue's crown,
Is gemmed with tears—with sighs embossed.

For Envy, like a canker-worm
Close at the root of Merit breeds,
And genuine Genius is the germ
On which this fiend-like reptile feeds.

Then let not Fame, with syren breath,
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By promise of a glittering wreath,
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The r[illegible]ames of pale M[illegible]
N[illegible]ense to the mu[illegible]
T[illegible]tears to silvery [illegible]
A[illegible]a different cl[illegible]

An[illegible]f with Fancy the[illegible]
Through the wild
To weave for her the[illegible]
Still anxious for th[illegible]

O bear in mind the p[illegible]
With her vagaries
And, while she leads
Poison the Sweet

But, if to Wisdom, t[illegible]
The bursting tide
When in the holy pau[illegible]
Creation's wonders

[illegible]higher rapt[illegible]

ll Devotion fill, with prayer,
oet's solitary haunts,
ry object round thee, there,
ive thee back the warm response.

, Malvina, unseduced
endship's much too flattering strain
, instructed and be mused,
e, in turn, my rhyming vein.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

ADDRESSED TO JOHN.

John, the play which we are at,
So much resembles tag,
That every act, its ready cut,
Responsively must drag.

Determined now to tag thee last,
The pastime I revive,
In hopes to keep, in sportive haste,
Exertion still alive.

Yet, would I not let trifles keep
Our thoughts confined to themes,
Which fill our intellectual sleep
With life-deluding dreams.

There is, I know, and thou, too, know'st,
A constant need for both
To shun the wrecks that line the coast
Of Levity and Sloth.

Employment is the life of mind
And Indolence is death;—
In these expressions thou wilt find
The outlines of my faith.

Let then the mind be active still,
And nimble be the pen,
The rights of Friendship to fulfil,
No matter how or when.

How many incidents occur
To form the poet's lay,
Which (be it said without a slur)
Mere dulness throws away.

The poet's spirit, how alert,
And sparkling is his eye!
In every season, how expert
The muses are to fly!

I pity much, says Sterne, the man
Who, with a vapid skull,
Finds nought, from Bersheba to Dan,
But what is dry and dull.

We, Juliet, not so dull as these,
Travel which road we may,
Shall always plenty find to please
Along life's beaten way:

Provided we, with head erect,
And spirit-gleaming mien,
Tread Wisdom's threshold, with respect,
And her rich maxims glean.

And this, I trust, we both shall do,
Whilst life's dry cares permit
Our blithesome muses, thus to show
Their modicum of wit.

Stretch Juliet then, I pray thee, out,
Thy heaven-aspiring wing,
And whilst Discretion marks the rout,
Let native genius sing.

LINES

Addressed to a young Lady on her approaching Nuptials.

When well-tried worth demands the lay
And heartfelt approbation draws,
The bard, it seems, is bound to pay
The homage of sincere applause.

For thee then, Sarah, see! at last,
That praise which has been due so long,
Is by the poet twisted fast,
Deep in the texture of the song.

No disingenuous motive now
Can possibly from truth mislead
My rambling quill, and therefore, thou
Can'st not, in conscience, blame the deed.

In seasons past I witnessed, oft,
Thy frequent struggles for repose—
Without one voice, in language soft,
To whisper solace to thy woes.

I saw thee grieve; and whilst I viewed,
I shared in silence many an ache,
Fearful lest Trouble's blasts, so rude,
Thy slender prop of Faith might shake.

"Bear up!" my heart in secret sighed,
"Nor sink beneath thy painful load;"
But in my throat the accents died,
Or backward to their fountain flowed.

I felt, with awe, the strange restraint
And owned the harsh monition just;
"The plant which bears the future saint
Must long lie prostrate in the dust"

But Heaven at length, appeased, methinks
Permits thee from the earth to rise,
In semblance of the lark, that sinks
Before she starts to reach the skies.

Thus, then on Faith's expanded plume,
Soar from the vale where thou hast lain,
New powers of life at once assume,
And never stoop to earth again.

And whilst thy fortune deigns to smile
And Providence thus kind appears,
Or, let me add, dear Sarah, while
These sounds shall vibrate in thine ears—

O keep in mind how few can bear
Adversity's hard pinching hand,
And fewer still before the glare
Of Affluence in full safety stand.

Yet such there be—though much I mourn
At finding in each class so few;
But where are they who long have borne
Adversity and Affluence too?

That thou—(this final rhyme from me
Comprises all I have to say—)
May'st of this happy number be,
Thy partial friend shall often pray.

POOR OLD ROAN.

A FRESH LAW CASE.

IMPORTANT points, that often occupy,
And sometimes puzzle, our sagacious courts,
The annalists of every bar supply,
Under the name of "Cases" and "Reports."

One such, last night, was actually discussed,
Within the hearing of the moral muse,
Who thinks it were a pity and unjust
Not to record what others may peruse.

The case was simply this: An aged horse
Was grown past service and unfit to toil;
Whether upon the road to keep his course,
Or drag the furrowing plough-share through the soil.

The question was, what should become of him,
Seeing his master could not count on gain,
Since now old age had seized and filled each limb
Of the poor brute with weaknesses and pain.

Thus far the *facts* were clear; and every one,
Both Judge and jury, sadly puzzled was;
For, on examining the *records*, none
Held forth a *precedent* of such a cause.

—Which circumstance did not elude the bard
Of observation, who was standing by,
Whose look surmised that creatures, worked so hard,
Have not the privilege of old age to die.—

After some minutes spent in hems and hag,
'Twixt two alternatives opinion swung,
As if upon a *point* between, the cause,
Vibrating like a pendulum, was hung.

One of the propositions was, that Roan
Should be transferred to one who owned a cart,
And who, by holding him, as if his own,
Would spare him (it was thought) all further smart.

"But what security," asked MERCY's voice,
"Can poor old Roan against a stranger claim?
Or how for past fidelity rejoice,
Estranged from friends acquainted with the same?"

"Well! to avoid calamity so sad,"
It was replied, "the creature must be slain;
For if *that* master's temper should be bad,
Roan, it was clear, would martyred be by pain."

So true it is, that when the wicked urge
The softest plea of pity known to them,
They lift, without remorse, a cruel scourge
Which Mercy's genuine sentiments condemn!

Thus stood the case whilst AVARICE held the beam
And filled, with pain and suffering either scale,
When LENITY suggested a mild scheme
In hopes it might o'er selfishness prevail.

"Suppose," said she, "that faithful slave, whose fate
Has been discussed and guaged in every part,
And which now hangs suspended in debate,
Should neither suffer death nor draw a cart.

He has not long to live—a few months more,
Perhaps within a fortnight or a week,
The throbbings of his pulses will be o'er
And we in vain the face of Roan shall seek.

Why, for the short, short spell he has to live,
Should it be thought extravagant to say,
That his old master might the pittance give
Of—just a bite of oats and scrap of hay?

Within one corner of the stable, where
The lads have often fodder'd him with joy,
Or in the barn-yard—(there is room to spare)
Let him still stand and live without employ.

The plan which Lawyer suggested, took,
And poor old Roan, though deaf and almost blind,
Expresses, by a death-suspended look,
The grateful feelings of a generous mind.

TO MALVINA,

Who presented the writer with a purse of her own making.

Was ever mortal so beset
As I, just now, am like to be!
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This purse—the badge of my disgrace,
Which I, it seems, am doomed to wear,
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For lo! the poet's name I lose,
Or thou thy claim to common sense;
Because no votary of the muse
Can need a purse to hold his pence.

And since (what no one doubts) thy claim
To sense and judgment will remain,
The orb of my poetick fame
Must find its moonshine in the wane.

How hard then, how exceeding hard
Must be my case! for I believed
That my past labours, as a bard,
Had this contested point achieved;

And now behold! instead of bay,
Awarded *by the critick's* court,
To find my honours torn away
Is more than I can well support.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

ADDRESSED TO JULIET.

JULIET, the play which we are at,
So much resembles tag,
That every *tit*, its ready *tat*,
Responsively must drag.

Determined now to tag thee last,
The pastime I revive,
In hopes to keep, in sportive haste,
Exertion still alive.

Yet, would I not let trifles keep
Our thoughts confined to themes,
Which fill our intellectual sleep
With life-deluding dreams.

There is, I know, and thou, too, know'st,
A constant need for both
To shun the wrecks that line the coast
Of Levity and Sloth.

Employment is the life of mind
And Indolence is death;—
In these expressions thou wilt find
The outlines of my faith.

Let then the mind be active still,
And nimble be the pen,
The rights of Friendship to fulfil,
No matter how or when.

How many incidents occur
To form the poet's lay,
Which (be it said without a slur)
Mere dulness throws away.

The poet's spirit, how alert,
And sparkling is his eye!
In every season, how expert
The muses are to fly!

I pity much, says Sterne, the man
Who, with a vapid skull,
Finds nought, from Bersheba to Dan,
But what is dry and dull.

We, Juliet, not so dull as these,
Travel which road we may,
Shall always plenty find to please
Along life's beaten way:

Provided we, with head erect,
And spirit-gleaming mien,
Tread Wisdom's threshold, with respect,
And her rich maxims glean.

And this, I trust, we both shall do,
Whilst life's dry cares permit
Our blithesome muses, thus to show
Their modicum of wit.

Stretch Juliet then, I pray thee, out,
Thy heaven-aspiring wing,
And whilst Discretion marks the rout,
Let native genius sing.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

ADDRESSED TO JULIUS.

Julius, the play which we are at,
So much resembles tag,
That every sin, its ready cat,
Responsively must drag.

Determined now to tag thee last,
The pastime I revive,
In hopes to keep, in sportive haste,
Exertion still alive.

Yet, would I not let trifles keep
Our thoughts confined to themes,
Which fill our intellectual sleep
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Stretch Juliet then, I pray thee, out,
Thy heaven-aspiring wing,
And whilst Discretion marks the rout,
Let native genius sing.

LINES

Addressed to a young Lady on her approaching Nuptials.

When well-tried worth demands the lay
And heartfelt approbation draws,
The bard, it seems, is bound to pay
The homage of sincere applause.

For thee then, Sarah, see! at last,
That praise which has been due so long,
Is by the poet twisted fast,
Deep in the texture of the song.

No disingenuous motive now
Can possibly from truth mislead
My rambling quill, and therefore, thou
Can'st not, in conscience, blame the deed.

In seasons past I witnessed, oft,
Thy frequent struggles for repose—
Without one voice, in language soft,
To whisper solace to thy woes.

I saw thee grieve; and whilst I viewed,
I shared in silence many an ache,
Fearful lest Trouble's blasts, so rude,
Thy slender prop of Faith might shake.

"Bear up!" my heart in secret sighed,
"Nor sink beneath thy painful load;"
But in my throat the accents died,
*Or back*ward to their fountain flowed.

I felt, with awe, the strange restraint
And owned the harsh monition just;
"The plant which bears the future saint
Must long lie prostrate in the dust"

But Heaven at length, appeased, methinks
Permits thee from the earth to rise,
In semblance of the lark, that sinks
Before she starts to reach the skies.

Thus, then on Faith's expanded plume,
Soar from the vale where thou hast lain,
New powers of life at once assume,
And never stoop to earth again.

And whilst thy fortune deigns to smile
And Providence thus kind appears,
Or, let me add, dear Sarah, while
These sounds shall vibrate in thine ears—

O keep in mind how few can bear
Adversity's hard pinching hand,
And fewer still before the glare
Of Affluence in full safety stand.

Yet such there be—though much I mourn
At finding in each class so few;
But where are they who long have borne
Adversity and Affluence too?

That thou—(this final rhyme from me
Comprises all I have to say—)
May'st of this happy number be,
Thy partial friend shall often pray.

THE ODD LEAF.

Written to fill up the odd leaf in the "Tribute of Friendship,"—a volume of original Poems presented by Eliakim Garretson to his friend **** ******

And shall not I, that also knew
The amiable Eliakim,
His memory, with my tears, bedew
And wreathe the cypress dole for him?

Indeed whilst hearts so warmly throb,
With sentiments of deep regret,
It were irreverence to rob
His manes of so just a debt.

Then be not angry if I claim
Elizabeth! the right to mourn,
And hang, with honest zeal, the name
Of Garretson upon his urn.

'Tis but a trifle, thou wilt say,—
Yet ah! what could Affection more
Than in a grief effusing lay
The silent stream of Feeling pour?

Ask thy own breast, that, often, swells
With fond remembrance of its worth,
What secret charm thy thoughts impels
To hover round his hallowed earth?

Is it a trifle, say, to tread
'Midst fancied glooms, sedate and slow,
O'er the still dwellings of the dead,
Indulgent of ideal woe?

No! 'tis the record Friendship keeps
Of its existence, and makes known,
That man's free spirit never sleeps—
A truth we seem so loath to own.

'Tis like the voice of Wisdom, loud,
Promulgating in Virtue's ear,
That from the mattock and the shroud,
The duteous mind has nought to fear.

Let then Affection's tears bedew
The dust where Garretson is laid,
And let this tardy lay renew
Remembrance of his honoured shade.

POOR OLD ROAN.

A FRESH LAW CASE.

Important points, that often occupy,
And sometimes puzzle, our sagacious courts,
The annalists of every bar supply,
Under the name of "Cases" and "Reports."

One such, last night, was actually discussed,
Within the hearing of the moral muse,
Who thinks it were a pity and unjust
Not to record what others may peruse.

The case was simply this: An aged horse
Was grown past service and unfit to toil;
Whether upon the road to keep his course, [soil.
Or drag the furrowing plough-share through the

The question was, what should become of him,
Seeing his master could not count on gain,
Since now old age had seized and filled each limb
Of the poor brute with weaknesses and pain.

Thus far the *facts* were clear; and every one,
Both Judge and jury, sadly puzzled was;
For, on examining the *records*, none
Held forth a *precedent* of such a cause.

—Which circumstance did not elude the bard
Of observation, who was standing by, [hard,
Whose look surmised that creatures, worked so
Have not the privilege of old age to die.—

After some minutes spent in hems and haw,
'Twixt two alternatives opinion swung,
As if upon a *point* between, the cause,
Vibrating like a pendulum, was hung.

One of the propositions was, that Roan
Should be transferred to one who owned a cart,
And who, by holding him, as if his own,
Would spare him (it was thought) all further smart.

"But what security," asked MERCY'S voice,
"Can poor old Roan against a stranger claim?
Or how for past fidelity rejoice,
Estranged from friends acquainted with the same?"

"Well! to avoid calamity so sad,"
It was replied, "the creature must be slain;
For if *that* master's temper should be bad,
Roan, it was clear, would martyred be by pain."

So true it is, that when the wicked urge
The softest plea of pity known to them,
They lift, without remorse, a cruel scourge
Which Mercy's genuine sentiments condemn!

Thus stood the case whilst AVARICE held the beam
And filled, with pain and suffering either scale,
When LENITY suggested a mild scheme
In hopes it might o'er selfishness prevail.

"Suppose," said she, "that faithful slave, whose fate
Has been discussed and guaged in every part,
And which now hangs suspended in debate,
Should neither suffer death nor draw a cart.

He has not long to live—a few months more,
Perhaps within a fortnight or a week,
The throbbings of his pulses will be o'er
And we in vain the face of Roan shall seek.

Why, for the short, short spell he has to live,
Should it be thought extravagant to say,
That his old master might the pittance give
Of—just a bite of oats and scrap of hay?

Within one corner of the stable, where
The lads have often fodder'd him with joy,
Or in the barn-yard—(there is room to spare)
Let him still stand and live without employ.

The plan which Lanyy suggested, took,
And poor old Roan, though deaf and almost blind,
Expresses, by a death-suspended look,
The grateful feelings of a generous mind.

TO MALVINA,

Who presented the writer with a purse of her own making.

Was ever mortal so beset
As I, just now, am like to be!
The mere idea makes me sweat
And fills me with perplexity.

This purse—the badge of my disgrace,
Which I, it seems, am doomed to wear,
Has brought the blushes on my face
To paint a deep confusion there.

For lo! the poet's name I lose,
Or thou thy claim to common sense;
Because no votary of the muse
Can need a purse to hold his pence.

And since (what no one doubts) thy claim
To sense and judgment will remain,
The orb of my poetick fame
Must find its moonshine in the wane.

How hard then, how exceeding hard
Must be my case! for I believed
That my past labours, as a bard,
Had this contested point achieved;

And now behold! instead of bay,
Awarded by the critick's court,
To find my honours torn away
Is more than I can well support.

A thought occurs.—Suppose we try
  This question by the present verse;
If I come out a poet, I
  Will willingly give up the purse.-

But if Apollo should not breathe
  His approbation on the line,
This bootless struggle for the wreath
  Shall make this badge forever mine.

What sayst thou? is the offer fair?
  Ah! me, already I succumb,
And, destined to complete despair,
  Agree to be forever mum.

Yes! I submit! the purse is mine
  Nor will I more with Fate contend:
The critick's bays I now resign;
  But keep the token of the friend.

FROG'S REMONSTRANCE.

yor and Commonalty of the Borough; this
ıtrance of the inhabitants of Frog-pond,
fully sheweth;

:, your Petitioners, think we possess
rivilege, in common with man,
y pursuing our own happiness,
ening the burthen of every distress,
the fair means that we can;—

ıder this notion, we humbly conceive,
astle we're bound to maintain;
re should lose it, we cannot but know
rough the remainder of life we must go,
ıever taste comfort again.

ıtiment fastened, allow us to state,
some folks, who seem to be fond
hief, have formed a round-robin, of late,
own our necks to the bull ring of Fate,
aining and cleansing our pond.

hich it would follow, as plain as you please,
lie for the want of that mud [ease,
saves your Remonstrants from many a dis-
ıting the edge of the sharp northern breeze,
mixing itself with the blood.

Besides, if the pond in the orchard ye drain,
How much must the Wheelingers lose!
For, pray you, remember, whilst here we remain,
Your croaking petitioners furnish a strain
As oft and as loud as ye choose.

Were Nightingales plenty (those songsters of night,)
We should not have urged this last plea;
For, out of respect to their musical right,
We freely confess that in that case, ye might
Dispense with the *frogs'* minstrelsy.

On your account therefore, as well as our own,
We press you to ponder our case:
And further, to indupe you to let us alone,
One thing not yet mentioned we wish to make known
As highly concerning our race.

In common, it seems, an opinion, prevails
That Frogs are no better than toads—
A species of reptile, or things without tails
At which every christian and infidel rails,
When hopping about in the roads.

But we, though *Will Wizard* with vehemence swear,
And labour to prove us alike,
With hands on our bosoms most firmly declare,
That hopping-toads no one with frogs can compar
At least in a way that may strike.

Nay, Will's own account of the hopping toads
shows,
Too clearly for any to doubt,
That they indeed are not aquatics; and those
Must err most egregiously who could suppose
That Frogs can be fond of a drought.

Moreover we frogs of the tadpole-ish breed,
Forever to mud puddles link'd,
Could trace a clear pedigree, if there was need,
And prove by our habits, and difference of creed,
That we are a species distinct.

As Frogs, then, not toads, your Remonstrants aver,
You are bound to consider their plea,
And if, on reflection, your judgments concur
To leave them their pond, without any more stir,
How great will their gratitude be!

But if, on the other hand, you shall deny
The boon we solicit, by law,—
It follows, that we, your Remonstrants, must die;
Yet not unavenged,—for the dust of our fry
Shall taint every breath that ye draw.

For, when the warm beams of midsummer prevail,
And drink up the dews and the fogs,
Our rarefied atoms shall float in the gale,
And haunt you, like ghosts, in the air ye inhale,
And make you remember

THE FROGS.

SONNET.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

GOD, who implanted the Desire
Of happiness in every mind;
Who bids this heart with *hope* aspire
A pure felicity to find;—

Ere man was made, distinctly knew
That life *must* teem with constant ill,
(Were *such* unhallowed doctrine true,
And had he *so* expressed his will.)

But dare I own that SOVEREIGN GOOD,
To vex his creature with design,
Would fill me with solicitude
To gain what never can be mine?

No! HE that teaches me to thirst
Bids channels flow and fountains burst

PEACE.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

ALL the rich mines of silver and of gold
And treasures ever bought and sold
Without the gem of Peace are poor;
'Tis she, bland guest! whose smiles dispense
Around the hut of Indigence
Fresh comforts from her own exhaustless store.

Proud Affluence never was and ne'er will be
From grief exempt, from danger free,
Nor turn aside Affliction's feet;
Peace, guardian angel! makes amends
For want of home and loss of friends
And makes the scanty crust, tho' mouldy, sweet.

Whene'er she turns her smiling face away
The monarch falls to grief a prey
In fear of Fate's terrific frown:—
In dread suspense he waits the blow;
Nor heeds what honours, wealth bestow,
For prizes now his sceptre nor his crown.

Late with joy his humble vassal sings,
What time fair Peace her offering brings
With jocund step and smiling mien.
Secure from envy,—far from strife
He floats adown the stream of life
And finds the shady haunts he loves serene.

Ambition, Care and Discord, neighbours rude,
Shall never with their noise intrude
Where Peace has fixed her hallowed home;
Doomed to their own abyss profound
They scowl the dingy concave round
And shake, with horrid yells, the dismal dome.

Here Peace, sole mistress of these yellow plains,
Governs her tributary swains
With sovereign, but with gentle sway;—
In higher regions born—she came,
Adorned with robes of purest flame
To teach mankind to happiness the way.

ARIA.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

Since gracious heav'n within my reach
Has placed my own felicity,
No power against my will can snatch
The inestimable boon from me.

For who from Him, whose arm the car
Of this vast universe sustains,
Shall dare, in competition, dare
Usurp command and hold the reins?

Can Fortune with Jehovah vie?
Or Fate, Almighty prowess brave?
What! shades—ideal shades destroy
When Providence exerts to save!

Ah! if Omnipotence can bless
It would be impious to contend
That man to gain his happiness
On feigned chymeras must depend:

Then whilst in God alone I keep my trust,
My happiness is sure—or God unjust!

TRANSLATIONS.

Temps! sous qui les plus forts sont enfin abattus,
Que tes rigueurs nous sont propices!
Quand tu nous otes les delices,
Tu nous fais aimer les vertus.

Take, father Time, whose ponderous blow
Falls ever with resistless stress,
Take the free thanks, we all bestow,
Who would not wish thy rigours less; [tear,
For though life's *pleasures* from our breasts thou
Thou leav'st the love of Virtue fastened there.

Les lois qui reglent nos plaisirs,
Ne sont pas des inhumaines,
La nature et le ciel ne bornent nos desirs,
Que de peur d'accroitre nos peines.

When pleasure bows to discipline
The benefit is plain,
Those laws which hedge our wishes in
Save us from many a pain.

De nos bien, de nos maux, l'incertaine mesure
Est dans l'opinion plus que dans la nature.

Of all life's good and ill the uncertain bound
Is in opinion, more than Nature, found.

Quel est le plus beau teint ? Celui de la pudeur,
Qui grave sur le front l'innocence du cœur.

Modesty, with consummate grace,
And admirable art,
Pencils, in blushes on the face,
Her innocence of heart.

Pour nous la verite se couvre d'un nuage ;
Mais enfin des mortels tout n'est ignore :
Le doute qui souvent est la marque du sage,
L'est du Fou quand il est outre.

Though Truth in clouds her charms disguise,
Yet mortals sometimes catch a glimpse ;
The very doubt which marks the wise,
When pushed too far marks Folly's imps.

Jai vu quelquefois un enfant
Pleurer d'etre petit, en etre inconsolable,
L'elevoit on sur une table ?
Le marmot pensoit etre grand. [places,
Tout homme est cet enfant. Les dignites, les
La noblesse, les biens, le luxe, and la splendeur,
C'est la table du nain, ce sont autant d'echasses
Qu' il prend pour sa propre grandeur.

I've seen a child so pert and vain
As at his stature to complain,
When on a table placed, elate
The creature thinks himself grown great.

All men are like him ; for behold
Posts, honours, dignities, and gold
Are but a table, where thou mayst
Discern the changeling's mind and taste,
Who, on his stilts of ticklish height,
Mistakes his proper greatness quite.

Iris, vous comprendrez un jour
Le tort que vous vous faites.
Le mepris suit pres de l'amour
Qui inspirent les coquettes.

Songez a vous faire estimer
Plus qu'a vous rendre aimable.
Le faux honneur de tout charmer
Detruit le veritable.

Rosetta, time one day shall prove
The wrong which now thou dost not see ;
For cold contempt succeeds the love
Which is inspired by coquetry.

Instead of love, beget esteem.
Be this thy sole, thy constant view ;
False honour, whilst it takes its aim,
To dazzle all, destroys the true.

Un singe, avec cent tours de passe-passe
Laissoit languir deux ou trois regardans ;
Des que la foule accourut sur la place,
Les memes tours devinrent tous plaisans.

A monkey, once, with all his tricks
And all the pains that he could take,
A dull attention scarce could fix,
And keep two lookers-on awake.

But when a crowd had gathered round,
The repetition of the same,
Was, by the waggish audience, found
To be a most diverting game.

Ne vous etonnez pas si l'homme est sanguinaire,
S'il sourit au carnage et massacre son frere ;
Lorsqu'il fut porte dans le flanc
De sa foible et souffrante mere,
Il ne s'abreuvoit que de sang.

Be not surprised when man runs wild
With murderous zeal a thirst for *blood*,
For lo ! the sanguinary child
Knew in the womb no other food.

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ERRATA.

Page 273. line 1. for

"A Leech thus to a Viper said," read

"Thus to a Leech a Viper said."

Page 196. line 3. for "draw-like" read "straw-like.





